

NURSE A SUICIDE IN LOVE PUZZLE

Beautiful Widow, Employed in
Jamaica Plain Hospital, Ends
Life in Springfield Hotel Under
the Strangest of Circumstances

Muriel McLean Burnes Told of
Her Engagement to New Haven
Doctor; Urged to Leave Hospital
by Her Dead Husband's Voice

A strange romance, and one shrouded in mystery and tragedy, came to light last night as a result of the suicide in a Springfield hotel of Muriel McLean Burnes, a nurse in the Talitha Cumi Hospital at Jamaica Plain.

The woman loved and was to wed a prominent New Haven dentist and clubman, she told her associates. Yet the memory of her former husband so haunted her that she seemed to hear his

and on, she said, till at last she found in morphine the peace she had been unable to find in life.

Mrs. Burnes was a beautiful young woman, the widow of George Burnes, clerk of the Bridgeport, Ct. City

The man, Mrs. Burnes told her intimates, she loved and planned to wed was Dr. G. H. Nettleton of New Haven, a classmate at Yale of her

TOLD SUICIDE PLAN.
Mrs. Burns planned her suicide coolly. She frankly told a nurse at the Talitha Quini Hospital that she intended to go somewhere, go to the back beach and let the boat come, have a

To a remarkable extent she carried out this plan: The Hotel Kingsball in Springfield, where she committed suicide, is one of the best hotels in that city, the room the woman occupied was one of the best in the hotel, and it was connected

Whether she had, as she planned, a manicure before she bade goodbye to the world is not known. In the manner of her death she changed her plan; for instead of using a hypodermic she dissolved morphine tablets in water and swallowed the solution.

That she recently had her own name buffed off her silver tableware, and the initials of the doctor engraved thereon.

In connection with her suicide, further evidences appeared; for she left in her room at the hotel two notes, one of which instructed those who found her body to deliver her body and

Here is the brief chronology of the dead woman's last few days on earth:
Last Sunday she left New Haven, where she had been living and though she did not give up her rooms at No. 267 Dwight street in that city, she said she was to be away indefinitely.

VOICE OF DEAD HUSBAND
For four days all went smoothly; then on Thursday night she became distraught, and announced her inten-

Nurse's Strange Suicide a Mystery

tion of committing suicide, resisting the violence in which her husband's voice seemed to speak to her.

Disseased by the nurse at the hospital from leaving care that night, she renewed her determination that morning.

she left and went to Springfield, made her simple preparations for the end, laid down upon her bed and died.

It was through a letter she wrote to her mother, that the nurse was discovered. Dr. Nettleton notified Judge Edward K. Nicholson of Bridgeport, an attorney and the executor of Mrs. Burnes' will.

Judge Nicholson called the hotel at Springfield by phone and asked: "Is there a Mrs. Burnes registered there?"

"There is," he replied.

He planned suicide. Leon S. Pierce, manager of the hotel, was notified, and with a Mr. Burnes' room and opened the door with a key.

He lay upon the bed, dead. Judge Nicholson, when he heard the word, started at once for Springfield and made arrangements for the care of the body. He returned to Bridgeport late in the afternoon, leaving word that a sister, Mrs. Jane McCarty of Danbury, N. Y., would come and claim the body.

In the hotel room where the beautiful young widow took her own life, was found her handbag containing a number of toilet articles, a few cosmetics, a hypodermic syringe, and a quantity of morphine tablets, as well as a letter.

Judge Nicholson said that Mrs. Burnes was well to do.

He said that she was a native of New England, and that she was a widow.

He said that she was a widow.

Burnes was well to do, that her husband had left a comfortable estate. He said Dr. Nettleton and Burnes were Yale classmates.

When he arrived in Springfield he was given a note which had been left by the dead woman, asking that he be notified. There was another note, directing that her effects go to Dr. Nettleton.

Medical Examiner S. E. Ryan took charge of the body and his verdict was suicide by morphine poisoning. A telephone call was put in to Dr. Nettleton home. It drew the information that Mrs. Burnes was out of town on a hunting trip, and to an inquiry the reply was given:

"We know no Mrs. Burnes."

WEDDING RING. Inquiry in New Haven, however, located a number of people who told of the romance of her husband's strange death, of the suicide of Dr. Nettleton.

He said that she was a widow.

love wife, of how Mrs. Burnes had Dr. Nettleton's initials on the ring. He said that she was a widow.

They all said Mrs. Burnes had been married at times, and that she was a widow.

One friend said: "She came here from New York, she made many local friends and was liked everywhere."

TOLD SUICIDE PLAN. At the Tallich Cuni Maternity Hospital in Jamaica Plain, where the woman was studying nursing, more light was shed on the tragedy.

Dr. Julia Morrison Plummer described how the beautiful young widow asserted that her dead husband's voice seemed to speak to her.

He said that she was a widow.

MOVIE BALLOT VOTING COUPON

GOOD FOR 10 TEN VOTES

This coupon will not be cashed unless presented at the Movie Ball Contest Headquarters, No. 3 Winthrop Square, Boston, or mailed to that address on or before 5:00 P. M. November 13, 1915.

My favorite Movie Picture Star is _____

My Name is _____

Street _____

City or Town _____ State _____

BOY RUN OVER BY WAGON AND KILLED

Herbert A. Lang, the eleven-year-old son of John Lang, of No. 12 Central street, Charlestown, died as a result of injuries sustained when he was run over by a horse-drawn wagon on Monday night.

The boy was struck by the rear of a two-horse team of the New England Transfer Company of Brighton, which was driven by Edward E. Sullivan, an hour earlier, on Winthrop street.

The boy was struck by the rear of a two-horse team of the New England Transfer Company of Brighton, which was driven by Edward E. Sullivan, an hour earlier, on Winthrop street.

The boy was struck by the rear of a two-horse team of the New England Transfer Company of Brighton, which was driven by Edward E. Sullivan, an hour earlier, on Winthrop street.

The boy was struck by the rear of a two-horse team of the New England Transfer Company of Brighton, which was driven by Edward E. Sullivan, an hour earlier, on Winthrop street.

The boy was struck by the rear of a two-horse team of the New England Transfer Company of Brighton, which was driven by Edward E. Sullivan, an hour earlier, on Winthrop street.

The boy was struck by the rear of a two-horse team of the New England Transfer Company of Brighton, which was driven by Edward E. Sullivan, an hour earlier, on Winthrop street.

The boy was struck by the rear of a two-horse team of the New England Transfer Company of Brighton, which was driven by Edward E. Sullivan, an hour earlier, on Winthrop street.

The boy was struck by the rear of a two-horse team of the New England Transfer Company of Brighton, which was driven by Edward E. Sullivan, an hour earlier, on Winthrop street.

The boy was struck by the rear of a two-horse team of the New England Transfer Company of Brighton, which was driven by Edward E. Sullivan, an hour earlier, on Winthrop street.

The boy was struck by the rear of a two-horse team of the New England Transfer Company of Brighton, which was driven by Edward E. Sullivan, an hour earlier, on Winthrop street.

The boy was struck by the rear of a two-horse team of the New England Transfer Company of Brighton, which was driven by Edward E. Sullivan, an hour earlier, on Winthrop street.

The boy was struck by the rear of a two-horse team of the New England Transfer Company of Brighton, which was driven by Edward E. Sullivan, an hour earlier, on Winthrop street.

The boy was struck by the rear of a two-horse team of the New England Transfer Company of Brighton, which was driven by Edward E. Sullivan, an hour earlier, on Winthrop street.

The boy was struck by the rear of a two-horse team of the New England Transfer Company of Brighton, which was driven by Edward E. Sullivan, an hour earlier, on Winthrop street.

The boy was struck by the rear of a two-horse team of the New England Transfer Company of Brighton, which was driven by Edward E. Sullivan, an hour earlier, on Winthrop street.

The boy was struck by the rear of a two-horse team of the New England Transfer Company of Brighton, which was driven by Edward E. Sullivan, an hour earlier, on Winthrop street.

The boy was struck by the rear of a two-horse team of the New England Transfer Company of Brighton, which was driven by Edward E. Sullivan, an hour earlier, on Winthrop street.

The boy was struck by the rear of a two-horse team of the New England Transfer Company of Brighton, which was driven by Edward E. Sullivan, an hour earlier, on Winthrop street.

The boy was struck by the rear of a two-horse team of the New England Transfer Company of Brighton, which was driven by Edward E. Sullivan, an hour earlier, on Winthrop street.

The boy was struck by the rear of a two-horse team of the New England Transfer Company of Brighton, which was driven by Edward E. Sullivan, an hour earlier, on Winthrop street.

The boy was struck by the rear of a two-horse team of the New England Transfer Company of Brighton, which was driven by Edward E. Sullivan, an hour earlier, on Winthrop street.

The boy was struck by the rear of a two-horse team of the New England Transfer Company of Brighton, which was driven by Edward E. Sullivan, an hour earlier, on Winthrop street.

The boy was struck by the rear of a two-horse team of the New England Transfer Company of Brighton, which was driven by Edward E. Sullivan, an hour earlier, on Winthrop street.

The boy was struck by the rear of a two-horse team of the New England Transfer Company of Brighton, which was driven by Edward E. Sullivan, an hour earlier, on Winthrop street.

The boy was struck by the rear of a two-horse team of the New England Transfer Company of Brighton, which was driven by Edward E. Sullivan, an hour earlier, on Winthrop street.

The boy was struck by the rear of a two-horse team of the New England Transfer Company of Brighton, which was driven by Edward E. Sullivan, an hour earlier, on Winthrop street.

The boy was struck by the rear of a two-horse team of the New England Transfer Company of Brighton, which was driven by Edward E. Sullivan, an hour earlier, on Winthrop street.

15 WINTER ST. ORENBERG'S

Imported Ivory Clocks

OUR CHINESE Hand Painted China Sardinia Boxes. Each box contains 24c. 24c.

Watch This "Circle for Specials" Each Week

Mail orders promptly and carefully filled. Please send check or money order.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

24 Pieces of Ivory complete with nuts and bolts.

PROFIT SHARING BASEMENT MILLINERY STORE

No Mail Orders Filled

WE INVITE ALL MILLINERS AND WOMEN OF GREATER BOSTON

KORNFELD'S

NO COUPONS. NO TRADING STAMPS. NO PREMIUMS.

MILLINERY "HOUSE CLEARING" SALE

Everyday is "profit sharing day" in Kornfeld's Basement Store. But Monday and Tuesday it's "give away." See the items below—and then come here and see for yourself. You'll be astounded. Even dressmakers will find wonderful bargains here.

STORE OPENS 8:30

Silk Velvets, mostly 18 inches wide in every conceivable color, as much or as little as you want, formerly \$1.00 to \$2.50. Per yard 29c

Silks, 1 yd. wide, roman stripes, solid colors and many desirable patterns, of finest quality, formerly \$1.00 to \$3.00. Per yard 39c

Gold Bandings and lace, narrow width. Per yard 1c

Hundreds of Ornaments and buckles. Each 1c

Fancy Cords, silver, gold, black and white, etc. Per yard 1c

Wide Gold and Steel Banding, beaded bands, value \$1.50 to \$2.00. Per yard 10c

Laces, white, ecru, 5 inches wide. Per yard 10c

Netting and All-overs, black and all colors, were \$1.50 and \$2.00. Per yard 10c

Narrow fancy ribbons. Per yard 5c

RIBBONS 5 and 6 inch, plain colors and fancy ribbons, were 29c to 79c. Per yard 10c

Chiffon Veils, all colors, were \$1.00 and \$1.50. 25c

350 Children's Hats, were 69c up, black and all colors, all colors. 10c

200 Felts and Corduroys, in staple and outing styles, were \$1.00 up. 19c

5,000 Fancy Feathers, were 49c to \$1.00. 5c

TAKE NEW SUBWAY. to Washington Station, from Park Street or Cambridge Subway, and take escalator to street. Just around the corner to Kornfeld's.

STYLE—QUALITY Kornfeld's is noted for hats with the right snap and lines, and quality that is the best at the price.

KORNFELD'S 65-69 SUMMER ST.

UNUSUALLY GOOD STYLES AT UNUSUALLY LOW PRICES

Sale for Monday and Tuesday Only.

WE INVITE ALL MILLINERS AND WOMEN OF GREATER BOSTON

KORNFELD'S

NO COUPONS. NO TRADING STAMPS. NO PREMIUMS.

MILLINERY "HOUSE CLEARING" SALE

Everyday is "profit sharing day" in Kornfeld's Basement Store. But Monday and Tuesday it's "give away." See the items below—and then come here and see for yourself. You'll be astounded. Even dressmakers will find wonderful bargains here.

STORE OPENS 8:30

Silk Velvets, mostly 18 inches wide in every conceivable color, as much or as little as you want, formerly \$1.00 to \$2.50. Per yard 29c

Silks, 1 yd. wide, roman stripes, solid colors and many desirable patterns, of finest quality, formerly \$1.00 to \$3.00. Per yard 39c

Gold Bandings and lace, narrow width. Per yard 1c

Hundreds of Ornaments and buckles. Each 1c

Fancy Cords, silver, gold, black and white, etc. Per yard 1c

Wide Gold and Steel Banding, beaded bands, value \$1.50 to \$2.00. Per yard 10c

Laces, white, ecru, 5 inches wide. Per yard 10c

Netting and All-overs, black and all colors, were \$1.50 and \$2.00. Per yard 10c

Narrow fancy ribbons. Per yard 5c

RIBBONS 5 and 6 inch, plain colors and fancy ribbons, were 29c to 79c. Per yard 10c

Chiffon Veils, all colors, were \$1.00 and \$1.50. 25c

350 Children's Hats, were 69c up, black and all colors, all colors. 10c

200 Felts and Corduroys, in staple and outing styles, were \$1.00 up. 19c

5,000 Fancy Feathers, were 49c to \$1.00. 5c

TAKE NEW SUBWAY. to Washington Station, from Park Street or Cambridge Subway, and take escalator to street. Just around the corner to Kornfeld's.

STYLE—QUALITY Kornfeld's is noted for hats with the right snap and lines, and quality that is the best at the price.

KORNFELD'S 65-69 SUMMER ST.

UNUSUALLY GOOD STYLES AT UNUSUALLY LOW PRICES

SHOOTS SOLDIER TRYING TO ESCAPE

BURLINGTON, Vt., Oct. 30.—While trying to escape from a sentry at Fort Knox, Allen Joseph Shook, a prisoner, was shot through the head and is expected to die. Shook was a member of the 10th Central Postal Directory, and was captured by the British at the battle of the Somme.

The sentry shot him through the head while he was trying to escape from a sentry at Fort Knox, Allen Joseph Shook, a prisoner, was shot through the head and is expected to die.

The sentry shot him through the head while he was trying to escape from a sentry at Fort Knox, Allen Joseph Shook, a prisoner, was shot through the head and is expected to die.

The sentry shot him through the head while he was trying to escape from a sentry at Fort Knox, Allen Joseph Shook, a prisoner, was shot through the head and is expected to die.

The sentry shot him through the head while he was trying to escape from a sentry at Fort Knox, Allen Joseph Shook, a prisoner, was shot through the head and is expected to die.

The sentry shot him through the head while he was trying to escape from a sentry at Fort Knox, Allen Joseph Shook, a prisoner, was shot through the head and is expected to die.

The sentry shot him through the head while he was trying to escape from a sentry at Fort Knox, Allen Joseph Shook, a prisoner, was shot through the head and is expected to die.

The sentry shot him through the head while he was trying to escape from a sentry at Fort Knox, Allen Joseph Shook, a prisoner, was shot through the head and is expected to die.

The sentry shot him through the head while he was trying to escape from a sentry at Fort Knox, Allen Joseph Shook, a prisoner, was shot through the head and is expected to die.

The sentry shot him through the head while he was trying to escape from a sentry at Fort Knox, Allen Joseph Shook, a prisoner, was shot through the head and is expected to die.

The sentry shot him through the head while he was trying to escape from a sentry at Fort Knox, Allen Joseph Shook, a prisoner, was shot through the head and is expected to die.

The sentry shot him through the head while he was trying to escape from a sentry at Fort Knox, Allen Joseph Shook, a prisoner, was shot through the head and is expected to die.

The sentry shot him through the head while he was trying to escape from a sentry at Fort Knox, Allen Joseph Shook, a prisoner, was shot through the head and is expected to die.

The sentry shot him through the head while he was trying to escape from a sentry at Fort Knox, Allen Joseph Shook, a prisoner, was shot through the head and is expected to die.

The sentry shot him through the head while he was trying to escape from a sentry at Fort Knox, Allen Joseph Shook, a prisoner, was shot through the head and is expected to die.

The sentry shot him through the head while he was trying to escape from a sentry at Fort Knox, Allen Joseph Shook, a prisoner, was shot through the head and is expected to die.

The sentry shot him through the head while he was trying to escape from a sentry at Fort Knox, Allen Joseph Shook, a prisoner, was shot through the head and is expected to die.

The sentry shot him through the head while he was trying to escape from a sentry at Fort Knox, Allen Joseph Shook, a prisoner, was shot through the head and is expected to die.

The sentry shot him through the head while he was trying to escape from a sentry at Fort Knox, Allen Joseph Shook, a prisoner, was shot through the head and is expected to die.

The sentry shot him through the head while he was trying to escape from a sentry at Fort Knox, Allen Joseph Shook, a prisoner, was shot through the head and is expected to die.

The sentry shot him through the head while he was trying to escape from a sentry at Fort Knox, Allen Joseph Shook, a prisoner, was shot through the head and is expected to die.

The sentry shot him through the head while he was trying to escape from a sentry at Fort Knox, Allen Joseph Shook, a prisoner, was shot through the head and is expected to die.

The sentry shot him through the head while he was trying to escape from a sentry at Fort Knox, Allen Joseph Shook, a prisoner, was shot through the head and is expected to die.

The sentry shot him through the head while he was trying to escape from a sentry at Fort Knox, Allen Joseph Shook, a prisoner, was shot through the head and is expected to die.

The sentry shot him through the head while he was trying to escape from a sentry at Fort Knox, Allen Joseph Shook, a prisoner, was shot through the head and is expected to die.

The sentry shot him through the head while he was trying to escape from a sentry at Fort Knox, Allen Joseph Shook, a prisoner, was shot through the head and is expected to die.

The sentry shot him through the head while he was trying to escape from a sentry at Fort Knox, Allen Joseph Shook, a prisoner, was shot through the head and is expected to die.

The sentry shot him through the head while he was trying to escape from a sentry at Fort Knox, Allen Joseph Shook, a prisoner, was shot through the head and is expected to die.

The sentry shot him through the head while he was trying to escape from a sentry at Fort Knox, Allen Joseph Shook, a prisoner, was shot through the head and is expected to die.

Body Found in Woods, J. F. S. on Cuff Links

SPRINGFIELD, Oct. 30.—The body of a man was found by a hunter here in a thicket near the Forest Park brick yards, just outside the city. A bullet hole was found in the man's head, and a rusty revolver lay at his side. The only means of identification was the initials "J. F. S." on a pair of cuff links.

The body was found by a hunter here in a thicket near the Forest Park brick yards, just outside the city. A bullet hole was found in the man's head, and a rusty revolver lay at his side.

The body was found by a hunter here in a thicket near the Forest Park brick yards, just outside the city. A bullet hole was found in the man's head, and a rusty revolver lay at his side.

The body was found by a hunter here in a thicket near the Forest Park brick yards, just outside the city. A bullet hole was found in the man's head, and a rusty revolver lay at his side.

The body was found by a hunter here in a thicket near the Forest Park brick yards, just outside the city. A bullet hole was found in the man's head, and a rusty revolver lay at his side.

The body was found by a hunter here in a thicket near the Forest Park brick yards, just outside the city. A bullet hole was found in the man's head, and a rusty revolver lay at his side.

The body was found by a hunter here in a thicket near the Forest Park brick yards, just outside the city. A bullet hole was found in the man's head, and a rusty revolver lay at his side.

The body was found by a hunter here in a thicket near the Forest Park brick yards, just outside the city. A bullet hole was found in the man's head, and a rusty revolver lay at his side.

The body was found by a hunter here in a thicket near the Forest Park brick yards, just outside the city. A bullet hole was found in the man's head, and a rusty revolver lay at his side.

The body was found by a hunter here in a thicket near the Forest Park brick yards, just outside the city. A bullet hole was found in the man's head, and a rusty revolver lay at his side.

The body was found by a hunter here in a thicket near the Forest Park brick yards, just outside the city. A bullet hole was found in the man's head, and a rusty revolver lay at his side.

Two Days Only—Monday and Tuesday—The 18-Hour Limited

ONE CENT SALE

Not an item at One Cent after 5.30 p.m. Tuesday—First One Cent Sale of its kind ever held in any Boston Department Store—A Triumph of Value-giving—Read the Statement of the Management.

SUGAR 4c
BACONS 11c
FLOUR 400 Bbls. Gold Medal and—400 Bbls. Bacon Brand **6.25**
 Last Monday We Sold Over 1000 Bbls. in One Day. No mil. No Telephone, No C. O. D., No Dealers' Orders, Limit 1 Bl.

ONE CENT SALE 1 Lb. 80c BERRY TEA ONE FOR \$2.00 BOTH FOR 4c Fifth Floor	ONE CENT SALE Genuine Leather HAND BAGS ONE FOR \$2.00 Two \$2.01 Value \$2.00 to \$4.00 Main Floor	ONE CENT SALE \$4.01 \$1.36 \$1.36 \$1.36 Main Floor	ONE CENT SALE Floor BROOMS ONE FOR 20c Two 40c Main Floor	ONE CENT SALE French or Storm BERGE ONE YARD \$1.00 Two \$1.01 Main Floor	ONE CENT SALE \$16.50 \$11.98 \$1.18 \$1.18 Third Floor	ONE CENT SALE Pillows PILLOWS ONE FOR 30c Two 40c Third Floor	ONE CENT SALE Any Trimmings HAT IN HOUSE Formerly \$5 to \$25 Now \$5 and \$5 And \$1.25 Cor. 1c Second Floor
ONE CENT SALE Women's Slippery Imperfect \$1.00 SILK HOSIERY Quality Two \$1.01 Main Floor	ONE CENT SALE New Model BLOUSES ONE FOR \$1.00 Two \$1.01 Value, generally smaller. Second Floor	ONE CENT SALE The West \$1.18 \$1.18 \$1.18 Main Floor	ONE CENT SALE Rogers Silver KNIVES AND FORKS ONE FOR \$2.00 Two \$2.01 Carving Set Main Floor	ONE CENT SALE TUB SILKS ONE YARD 70c Two 80c Main Floor	ONE CENT SALE \$28.50 \$18.75 \$1.18 \$1.18 Main Floor	ONE CENT SALE 80c Linoleum square An extra square 1c Main Floor	ONE CENT SALE \$5 All Wool Dress Skirt \$3.95 Same Skirt With Lin- garie \$1 \$3.96 Second Floor
ONE CENT SALE A 70c Chiffon Butterfly for 1c With Any Undrilled Hat at \$1.00 or Over Second Floor	ONE CENT SALE 20c Hamburg Brassier 1c With Any \$3.00 Corset Second Floor	ONE CENT SALE Handkerchiefs For Women \$1.18 \$1.18 \$1.18 Main Floor	ONE CENT SALE Men's and Young Men's \$15 Suit \$15.01 Third Floor	ONE CENT SALE Silver Plated FRUIT DISH \$1.49 Same Dish with sil- ver Plated \$1.50 Main Floor	ONE CENT SALE \$20.00 \$18.75 \$1.18 \$1.18 Main Floor	ONE CENT SALE \$16.95 \$1.18 \$1.18 \$1.18 Main Floor	ONE CENT SALE \$3 National SPRINGS 1c With Any Brass Bed up to... \$15.50 Fourth Floor
ONE CENT SALE 48-inch White and Yards 70c Main Floor	ONE CENT SALE White Cambric PETTICOATS One for \$1.00 Two 99c Main Floor	ONE CENT SALE Embroidered Organic Collars One for 20c Two 28c Main Floor	ONE CENT SALE \$2.00 MATTRESS 1c With Any Child's Crib \$5.00 Fourth Floor	ONE CENT SALE \$5 National SPRING 1c With Any Brass Bed \$15.50 Fourth Floor	ONE CENT SALE \$20.00 \$18.75 \$1.18 \$1.18 Main Floor	ONE CENT SALE \$16.95 \$1.18 \$1.18 \$1.18 Main Floor	ONE CENT SALE \$3 National SPRING 1c With Any Brass Bed up to... \$15.50 Fourth Floor
ONE CENT SALE Boys' \$2.50 Sweaters \$1.69 Same With \$1.70 \$1.70 Third Floor	ONE CENT SALE Children's Diaper Rompers One for 50c Two 51c Main Floor	ONE CENT SALE Infants' Wool Bands One for 50c Two 51c Main Floor	ONE CENT SALE Children's Outing UNION SUITS ONE FOR \$1.00 Two \$1.01 Main Floor	ONE CENT SALE \$20.00 \$18.75 \$1.18 \$1.18 Main Floor	ONE CENT SALE \$16.95 \$1.18 \$1.18 \$1.18 Main Floor	ONE CENT SALE \$16.95 \$1.18 \$1.18 \$1.18 Main Floor	ONE CENT SALE \$3 National SPRING 1c With Any Brass Bed up to... \$15.50 Fourth Floor
ONE CENT SALE German Silver VANITY CASE ONE FOR \$1.00 Two \$1.01 Main Floor	ONE CENT SALE 2.50 Daisy Wagon \$1.98 Same Wagon with box \$1.99 Main Floor	ONE CENT SALE 15c Playing CARDS 2 for 25c SAME CARDS WITH Pack \$2.00 Third Floor	ONE CENT SALE Men's Terry BATH ROBES ONE FOR \$2.00 Two \$2.01 Main Floor	ONE CENT SALE \$20.00 \$18.75 \$1.18 \$1.18 Main Floor	ONE CENT SALE \$16.95 \$1.18 \$1.18 \$1.18 Main Floor	ONE CENT SALE \$16.95 \$1.18 \$1.18 \$1.18 Main Floor	ONE CENT SALE \$3 National SPRING 1c With Any Brass Bed up to... \$15.50 Fourth Floor

Two Pair of Women's Dollar Quality Silk Hosiery for One Cent

With Any \$20 or \$25 Coat, Suit or Dress

The Coat, Suit or Dress ALONE Will Cost You \$15.00.

The Coat, Suit or Dress WITH 2 Pair of Dollar Silk Hosiery Will Cost You \$15.01.

At **\$15**

WHEN IN TOWN LUNCH AT BACON'S—COLLECT AND REDEEM LEGAL STAMPS AT BACON'S—MORE FOR YOUR MONEY—MORE FOR YOUR STAMPS—WHEN IN TOWN LUNCH AT BACON'S

A NEW NAME FOR AN OLD NAME—The New Name Is Three Years Old Tomorrow and the Old Name Is Just That Much Better.

CELEBRATION ANNIVERSAR

HOUSTON &
MENDERSOHN

When it is Newest, Worth Most, and Most Wanted at Price Savings of / 4 - / 2

CORSET SALE—Includes advanced 1916 models.

\$3.50 Ls. Renata Corsets, coutil, medium bust, six bone supporters, tri

MISSSES' STYLES—*Extraordinary special purchases*

Misess	\$18.50	Broadcloth Suits, fur trimmed,	15.00
Misess	\$25.00	Broadcloth Suits, fur trimmed,	19.75
Misess	\$35.00	Velvet Suits, fur trimmed	29.75
Misess	\$32.50	Broadcloth Suits, fur trimmed,	25.00
Misess	\$22.50	Poplin Suits	18.50

sale prices.

\$4.00 Combination, crepe de chine, princess and	\$1.25 Con
material	

ribbons and beading trimmings.....65¢

\$1.50 Night Gowns, several new models, trimmed back and front and finished with Hamburg and lace medallions79¢

\$1.00 Crepe de Chine Camisoles, pink or white, Val. lace trimmings65¢

**1,100 Fresh New
BILLOWS**

OWS
Daily worth **45c**



Women's 50c Sample
Boys' and Girls' \$1.00
Boys' and Girls' 50c
Boys' and Girls' 25c
Boys' and Girls' 50c
Men's \$2.00 Union Bu

Women
Girls

each... **1120** **1120**

New Dresses.
to 12 years.....**2.95**
mer, 6 to 10 years..**.95c**

and Chambray Dresses.....
with belt, full skirt, 8 to 14 years....

PRICE.
 rs. Ea. 49¢
 ite and color. Yd. 19¢
 lightly imperfect.
 Yd. 12½¢

SAMPLES.

tops, leather L
 heels
 \$4.00 Patent Kid H
 Turned Dress Slip
 a very good slipper
 evening wear

DRESS GOOD

PILET ARTICLES at cut pr

Hazel Cold Cream...19¢
 Almond Cream.....37¢
 Toilet Soaps,
 3 Cakes 10¢
 s. Talc Powder,
 2 for 25¢. 13¢

Guaranteed Tooth Brushes.....
Tooth Brushes

Combs.....	19¢	1.50 26-In. Faller Fr.....	
Brushes.....	79¢	2.00 40-In. Free Wee.....	
Sets.....	10¢	1.25 to 1.50 36-In.....	
guaranteed.....	69¢	3.68 46-In. All Silk.....	
BEDDING		2.60 49-In. All Silk.....	
Head, plain hemmed,		1.25 40-In. All Silk.....	
		1.25 26-In. All Silk.....	
		1.50 40-In. Black Cl.....	
		3.90 38-In. Black Cl.....	

6 Scalloped Spread, cut corners, full

single bed size...2.85	\$1.25 36-In. Black A
and Bolster Sham...	\$3.00 46-In. Black Im
Set 3.85	\$1.75 27-In. Black
ate, full size..Pr. 4.15	\$1.25 30-In. Cordurey
ate, extra size. Pr. 4.85	Remnants of High
fine satin covered.	dresses, at less th
Kn. 5.00	
coverings...Kn. 1.45	
popular cotton...Ea. 15c	
3/4", mill runs Pequot	
75c	
nds Cotton 1 1/2"	
	\$3.50 Dutch Marquise
	elty edze, white

Sheets, single bed size, 156x22½....

3x2 1/2.....	59¢	tion and edge, ot
2 1/4 x 2 1/4.....	83¢	sale

PRICE.

\$2.75 Dutch Scrim C
\$1.50 to \$1.36 Scrim

on double width black, white, cream.

Black, white, cream...Yd. 93¢
 Cream.....Yd. 69¢
 Wanted colors....Yd. 85¢

slightly imperfect, in black and white
 pair to \$2.00 a yard. Hand 50+

and wide ark	\$10.00 Imported Ducl
black and white	\$2.50 Point de Gens
.....Yard 58¢	\$2.00 Imported Madras
	\$14.50 Velour Portienn
city.....Yd. 39¢	30c Colored Borders
as, white, cream. Yd. 65¢	50c Colored Borders
Venise effects. Yd. 29¢	30c Marquisette, white
.....Yd. 10¢	35c Serim, plain and
	30c Madras, imported

GVERNOR WALSH PRESENTS HIS RECORD

Follow Citizens:—

The American has offered me the use of this page as this the last Sunday upon Election. I cannot think of a better use to which it than to use it to place before you my record as Governor. I ask the readers of the American to note for a moment our ascending as they appear on the affairs of my discharge of the duties of the Governor's office and according to that with the reforms which I have undertaken to go forward on to be halted or unrolled.

Will you please read this very brief review of my record? Every voter owes to himself and the Commonwealth the few moments that will be needed for this reading.

David I. Walsh

In a way, the feature of my administration which has appealed to me the most has been the initiation of the State "correspondence school." I made this recommendation to the Legislature after my return from Madison, where I had observed the work of the Extension Bureau of the University of Wisconsin.

Ambitious young men and ambitious young women in Massachusetts had sent hundreds of thousands of dollars out of the State to correspondence schools owned and operated by private persons for personal or corporate gain. And thousands of ambitious young men and women have no money to send out of the State for this kind of an education. I urged that this was a work which the State ought to do for its citizens and we are now to have schools for the benefit of all our people. It had been able to make no other impression upon the legislation of my time, I should be very well satisfied with this.

1. Concerning Milk and the Farmer.

Have you ever thought about the strange condition of Massachusetts in regard to agriculture? We have great and growing cities to be fed, giving the best of markets for milk, vegetables and all food products; and yet with great areas of land lying close at hand, the milk industry is dying, our farmers are getting only a very small part of the high and rising prices that city consumers are obliged to pay for milk and farming is growing less and less attractive every year. What is to be done about it? There are some of the things I have tried to do:

I have urged a thorough study of the whole question by competent experts.

The Republican Legislature has said "No." I have suggested a "no public markets, an organized plan of collecting farm products by trolley transportation and conveniently located receiving stations, the encouragement of co-operation between farmers and their city customers, and other means of cutting the cost of distribution of milk to the people in the cities.

The Republican Legislature has said "No legislation necessary." I have urged State action to reclaim our waste lands and enable poor farmers to get possession of a few acres on easy terms, so that they might help to supply the city markets.

The Republican Legislature has said "No." I have suggested a "no public markets, an organized plan of collecting farm products by trolley transportation and conveniently located receiving stations, the encouragement of co-operation between farmers and their city customers, and other means of cutting the cost of distribution of milk to the people in the cities.

The Republican Legislature has said "No." I have suggested a "no public markets, an organized plan of collecting farm products by trolley transportation and conveniently located receiving stations, the encouragement of co-operation between farmers and their city customers, and other means of cutting the cost of distribution of milk to the people in the cities.

The Republican Legislature has said "No." I have suggested a "no public markets, an organized plan of collecting farm products by trolley transportation and conveniently located receiving stations, the encouragement of co-operation between farmers and their city customers, and other means of cutting the cost of distribution of milk to the people in the cities.

The Republican Legislature has said "No." I have suggested a "no public markets, an organized plan of collecting farm products by trolley transportation and conveniently located receiving stations, the encouragement of co-operation between farmers and their city customers, and other means of cutting the cost of distribution of milk to the people in the cities.

The Republican Legislature has said "No." I have suggested a "no public markets, an organized plan of collecting farm products by trolley transportation and conveniently located receiving stations, the encouragement of co-operation between farmers and their city customers, and other means of cutting the cost of distribution of milk to the people in the cities.

The Republican Legislature has said "No." I have suggested a "no public markets, an organized plan of collecting farm products by trolley transportation and conveniently located receiving stations, the encouragement of co-operation between farmers and their city customers, and other means of cutting the cost of distribution of milk to the people in the cities.

The Republican Legislature has said "No." I have suggested a "no public markets, an organized plan of collecting farm products by trolley transportation and conveniently located receiving stations, the encouragement of co-operation between farmers and their city customers, and other means of cutting the cost of distribution of milk to the people in the cities.

The Republican Legislature has said "No." I have suggested a "no public markets, an organized plan of collecting farm products by trolley transportation and conveniently located receiving stations, the encouragement of co-operation between farmers and their city customers, and other means of cutting the cost of distribution of milk to the people in the cities.

The Republican Legislature has said "No." I have suggested a "no public markets, an organized plan of collecting farm products by trolley transportation and conveniently located receiving stations, the encouragement of co-operation between farmers and their city customers, and other means of cutting the cost of distribution of milk to the people in the cities.

The Republican Legislature has said "No." I have suggested a "no public markets, an organized plan of collecting farm products by trolley transportation and conveniently located receiving stations, the encouragement of co-operation between farmers and their city customers, and other means of cutting the cost of distribution of milk to the people in the cities.

The Republican Legislature has said "No." I have suggested a "no public markets, an organized plan of collecting farm products by trolley transportation and conveniently located receiving stations, the encouragement of co-operation between farmers and their city customers, and other means of cutting the cost of distribution of milk to the people in the cities.

The Republican Legislature has said "No." I have suggested a "no public markets, an organized plan of collecting farm products by trolley transportation and conveniently located receiving stations, the encouragement of co-operation between farmers and their city customers, and other means of cutting the cost of distribution of milk to the people in the cities.

The Republican Legislature has said "No." I have suggested a "no public markets, an organized plan of collecting farm products by trolley transportation and conveniently located receiving stations, the encouragement of co-operation between farmers and their city customers, and other means of cutting the cost of distribution of milk to the people in the cities.

The Republican Legislature has said "No." I have suggested a "no public markets, an organized plan of collecting farm products by trolley transportation and conveniently located receiving stations, the encouragement of co-operation between farmers and their city customers, and other means of cutting the cost of distribution of milk to the people in the cities.

The Republican Legislature has said "No." I have suggested a "no public markets, an organized plan of collecting farm products by trolley transportation and conveniently located receiving stations, the encouragement of co-operation between farmers and their city customers, and other means of cutting the cost of distribution of milk to the people in the cities.

The Republican Legislature has said "No." I have suggested a "no public markets, an organized plan of collecting farm products by trolley transportation and conveniently located receiving stations, the encouragement of co-operation between farmers and their city customers, and other means of cutting the cost of distribution of milk to the people in the cities.

The Republican Legislature has said "No." I have suggested a "no public markets, an organized plan of collecting farm products by trolley transportation and conveniently located receiving stations, the encouragement of co-operation between farmers and their city customers, and other means of cutting the cost of distribution of milk to the people in the cities.

The Republican Legislature has said "No." I have suggested a "no public markets, an organized plan of collecting farm products by trolley transportation and conveniently located receiving stations, the encouragement of co-operation between farmers and their city customers, and other means of cutting the cost of distribution of milk to the people in the cities.

The Republican Legislature has said "No." I have suggested a "no public markets, an organized plan of collecting farm products by trolley transportation and conveniently located receiving stations, the encouragement of co-operation between farmers and their city customers, and other means of cutting the cost of distribution of milk to the people in the cities.

The Republican Legislature has said "No." I have suggested a "no public markets, an organized plan of collecting farm products by trolley transportation and conveniently located receiving stations, the encouragement of co-operation between farmers and their city customers, and other means of cutting the cost of distribution of milk to the people in the cities.

The Republican Legislature has said "No." I have suggested a "no public markets, an organized plan of collecting farm products by trolley transportation and conveniently located receiving stations, the encouragement of co-operation between farmers and their city customers, and other means of cutting the cost of distribution of milk to the people in the cities.

The Republican Legislature has said "No." I have suggested a "no public markets, an organized plan of collecting farm products by trolley transportation and conveniently located receiving stations, the encouragement of co-operation between farmers and their city customers, and other means of cutting the cost of distribution of milk to the people in the cities.

The Republican Legislature has said "No." I have suggested a "no public markets, an organized plan of collecting farm products by trolley transportation and conveniently located receiving stations, the encouragement of co-operation between farmers and their city customers, and other means of cutting the cost of distribution of milk to the people in the cities.

The Republican Legislature has said "No." I have suggested a "no public markets, an organized plan of collecting farm products by trolley transportation and conveniently located receiving stations, the encouragement of co-operation between farmers and their city customers, and other means of cutting the cost of distribution of milk to the people in the cities.

The Republican Legislature has said "No." I have suggested a "no public markets, an organized plan of collecting farm products by trolley transportation and conveniently located receiving stations, the encouragement of co-operation between farmers and their city customers, and other means of cutting the cost of distribution of milk to the people in the cities.

The Republican Legislature has said "No." I have suggested a "no public markets, an organized plan of collecting farm products by trolley transportation and conveniently located receiving stations, the encouragement of co-operation between farmers and their city customers, and other means of cutting the cost of distribution of milk to the people in the cities.

The Republican Legislature has said "No." I have suggested a "no public markets, an organized plan of collecting farm products by trolley transportation and conveniently located receiving stations, the encouragement of co-operation between farmers and their city customers, and other means of cutting the cost of distribution of milk to the people in the cities.

The Republican Legislature has said "No." I have suggested a "no public markets, an organized plan of collecting farm products by trolley transportation and conveniently located receiving stations, the encouragement of co-operation between farmers and their city customers, and other means of cutting the cost of distribution of milk to the people in the cities.

The Republican Legislature has said "No." I have suggested a "no public markets, an organized plan of collecting farm products by trolley transportation and conveniently located receiving stations, the encouragement of co-operation between farmers and their city customers, and other means of cutting the cost of distribution of milk to the people in the cities.

The Republican Legislature has said "No." I have suggested a "no public markets, an organized plan of collecting farm products by trolley transportation and conveniently located receiving stations, the encouragement of co-operation between farmers and their city customers, and other means of cutting the cost of distribution of milk to the people in the cities.

The Republican Legislature has said "No." I have suggested a "no public markets, an organized plan of collecting farm products by trolley transportation and conveniently located receiving stations, the encouragement of co-operation between farmers and their city customers, and other means of cutting the cost of distribution of milk to the people in the cities.

The Republican Legislature has said "No." I have suggested a "no public markets, an organized plan of collecting farm products by trolley transportation and conveniently located receiving stations, the encouragement of co-operation between farmers and their city customers, and other means of cutting the cost of distribution of milk to the people in the cities.

to be given power to revise and collect local assessments so as to prevent rich and influential people from evading in small towns to avoid their taxes, and also to see that tax laws are equally enforced in all cities and towns.

TO STOP CONCEALING PROPERTY: That all owners of intangible property (stocks and bonds) be ordered to make compulsory returns of their holdings so as to prevent tax dodging.

TAXES TO GO TO CITIES WHERE THE MONEY IS EARNED: I recommended a redistribution of corporation taxes which are now collected by the State and distributed to various municipalities in accordance with the ownership of the stocks in such corporations by the residents of such municipalities. The municipalities which most benefit by this distribution are generally the rich towns. The Governor recommended that these corporation taxes be paid to the cities and towns where the money of these corporations is earned, and where they are located rather than to the towns where the stockholders happen to reside.

TAXATION OF PUBLIC SERVICE CORPORATIONS FOR THE MAINTENANCE OF PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSION: Recommended that all transportation, telephone and telegraph companies coming under the supervision of the Public Service Commission be obliged to pay the cost of the commission; thus saving the taxpayers \$200,000 annually.

When I learned from the Tax Commissioner that more than six billions of taxable securities owned by the most prosperous portion of our citizenship—a larger amount than all the real estate and tangible personal property in the State taken together—were being successfully hidden from taxation, so that the average tax rate of the Commonwealth was actually double what it would be if the law was obeyed, my first impulse was to demand compulsory legislation that would bring this hidden property to light. Upon further study I was convinced, however, that such action would soon drive wealthy taxpayers out of the State without substantially increasing the present revenue. So I agreed to a compromise that would, by a constitutional amendment, allow the taxation of these securities at a lower rate, but would at the same time compel their full disclosure. To my surprise, the Republican Legislature repudiated the essential part of this arrangement, and while it passed the constitutional amendment it refused in spite of repeated promises from me to make returns of taxable property compulsory or to give the Tax Commissioner power to prevent unduly situations by local assessors, even when I suggested that such laws might be made to take effect only after the adoption of the constitutional amendment by the people.

There is every reason to fear that if the program to which the Republican Legislature is evidently committed is carried out, the revenue of nearly eight millions will be lost, and the average tax rate will be raised nearly two dollars. If, on the other hand, the force of public opinion expressed at the polls by my rejection compels the adoption of the plan which I stand for, including the better system of collecting taxes which I have recommended and the Legislature has accepted, an average reduction of five dollars or more in the tax rate may be confidently expected; and the chief relief will come to the industrial centers where most of the revenue is earned and where the public debts are greatest.

Do you believe that the rich should bear their fair share of the public burdens?

Do you believe that it is worth while to give our industrial centers better schools, better roads, better and ampler parks and playgrounds, and at the same time to lessen the taxes on every home and workshop in the State?

My kind of tax reform, instead of the spurious brand that only aims at the release of the few tax dodgers that have not managed to escape detection, will produce this result.

5. Making Municipal Ownership Possible.

Until I became Governor the old statute, which I intended to prevent the cities and towns from acquiring their gas and electric light plants, except under the most onerous and impossible conditions, had been unchanged for years. One of the first things I did was to recommend the modification of this law so that a city or town might acquire its gas or electric light plant upon fair terms, as established by the Gas and Electric Light Commission, and could not be "held up" by the existing gas or electric light companies.

6. And as to "Invisible Government."

No better example can be given of the power of the so-called "invisible government" in Massachusetts than the story of the fate of my recommendation for an investigation into the telephone and telegraph rates in this Commonwealth. A similar investigation had just been concluded in the City of New York which resulted in such a decrease in telephone charges as to give rise to the citizens who use the telephone in New York three million dollars a year. The telephone company pretended that they were willing to submit to an investigation by the Public Service Commission, and so stated to the legislative committee. But by some extraordinary and untoward power this telephone company succeeded in killing the recommendation in the Legislature.

7. More Municipal Ownership.

Recommended that cities and towns have the right to deal in necessities in times of public distress.

8. Home Rule for Cities.

Recommended the restoration of the control of its police force to the people of the city which the citizens of that city had three times voted for and requested.

9. Supervision of Water Power Companies.

One of the great problems both of the nation and of the several States has been the conservation of our water power.

In the last few years we have consumed our water power as a great source of wealth, but we are able to transfer electricity over wires for longer and longer distances with less and less wastage; and our water power is capable of producing electricity very cheaply. Water power companies for the purpose of lighting our streets and buildings and of

furnishing power to our factories have sprung up all over the country and in Massachusetts. There is no difference in principle between the operation of these companies and the operation of the gas and electric companies and the railroads.

They are public service corporations like these other companies and, being unsupervised by government authority, they began to have the same history of greed and selfishness as the other public service corporations had before they were regulated by the Gas and Electric Light Commission and the Public Service Commission. Their stock was watered in many of the States to an enormous extent.

In my administration the regulating power of the State was extended to the gas companies and now the Gas and Electric Light Commission has the right to supervise them as they supervised the gas and electric light companies and electric waterworks no longer possible.

10. Invisible Government, and a "Joker."

During the closing hours of the last legislative session, the New Haven Railroad sought legislative authority to issue a certain class of bonds in order by this means to borrow money which it needed for its purchases, more cheaply than it could by any means then legal. After many conferences, I consented to this proposal provided every safeguard was thrown around the measure in order to prevent the violation of the public interest and to prevent the waste of the money of the State.

I went along with the measure in the Legislature apparently in good faith, when suddenly at the very last moment, without notice, it was changed in the committee and provision was cunningly slipped into it a bill which would have given the sanction of Massachusetts to the "invisible government" of the country are now making a right to the tenant of the so-called "unearned increment" in the raising of car fares and freight rates.

If this class is ever recognized by the people, it will allow the railroads to raise freight rates and car fares by more than \$100,000,000 a year. The representatives of the railroads in Washington within a month and proclaimed their intention to take the right. There is no space here to discuss this question. It is sufficient to say that in my judgment, the railroads are absolutely wrong and that this scheme was put through the Legislature by the power of the "invisible government" without any discussion whatever and without any knowledge on the part of the Legislature or even of the legislative committee itself as to its significance. I vetoed the measure and refused to sign it until the Legislature had stricken out that vicious clause.

11. A Bill the Corporation Should Pay.

Recommended that all transportation, telephone and telegraph companies coming under the supervision of the Public Service Commission be obliged to pay the cost of the commission; thus saving the taxpayers \$200,000 annually.

12. A Sudden Republican "Conversion."

I recommended during the last two years a Constitutional Convention by which our old-fashioned Constitution may be revised and reform in our laws secured. This recommendation was overwhelmingly defeated by the Republican organization in the legislature. How ludicrous is the declaration of the recent Republican Convention in its favor is shown by the fact that only 25 of the Republican candidates for the Legislature are willing to say that they will vote for this Constitutional Convention.

13. The Best Health Department in the Union.

When I succeeded, last year, that the time had come for a complete reorganization of our State Board of Health, there was, you may remember, an outcry from those thousands of State officers who held eternally that "what is right is right." Today I hold it to be at least as significant that in the present campaign not one word of criticism has been spoken anywhere by any one of any several rival candidates of the new State Board of Health. The reason is that so much work can be spoken.

I said so many of the department that to declare it to be the prevailing opinion among gentlemen of the medical profession and among health authorities everywhere that Massachusetts today has the best department of health in the United States.

14. Helping New and Old Legislators.

Recommended the establishment of a reference bureau to give aid and information to legislators on public questions and to bring about better drafted laws.

15. Fair Play for Unfortunates.

Recommended the placing of county penal institutions under care of the State and the Prison Commission so that all prisoners in all parts of the State could be treated alike.

Recommended a reorganization of the Prison Commission with a single member and two deputies, and the reduction of the parole board from five to three, in the interest of economy and efficiency.

16. Reforming the Trial Jury Courts.

Recommended the abolition of the trial jury courts, which still maintain the obsolete fee system, thereby freeing citizens of our Commonwealth from the evil of PROBATION and the SIXTY-THREE "SIXTY-THREE" and similar antiquated methods that all other courts have abandoned.

17. Business Methods in the Business of the State.

Recommended a detailed budget system for handling of State business.

18. Helping the Injured Workman.

From the very beginning, I have been deeply interested in the subject of workmen's compensation. I have been one of the few who have insisted that in case of any increase in the amount of such benefits paid has amounted to \$300,000. This increase in the amount paid to the widows and children of employees killed at their work has amounted in the same period to \$423,000. I might write a page concerning what is here



DAVID I. WALSH, Governor of Massachusetts, photographed in the Governor's chair at the State House.

set forth in a paragraph and still not make it clear to my readers how my heart fills with joy at the accomplishment here so briefly touched upon.

19. If They Want Economy—

I recommended that the Governor be given the power to veto separate items of appropriation bills so that a Governor would not be forced to sign appropriation bills, even if he did not approve of certain items. In this way only can the Governor be made responsible for economy.

20. Let the People Rule!

The best illustration of the unusually reactionary character of the last Legislature, due to the slump in the Progressive vote last year, is the fate of the Initiative and Referendum. This great reform, which has done so much good wherever it has been adopted, in bringing the government back to the people, in purifying politics, in making the public servants more honest, in restoring to the people their control in the government, and in taking away from the special interests or the so-called "invisible government" its usurped power, which has often in the recent years commanded a large majority of the House of Representatives; but unfortunately has not obtained the necessary two-thirds majority of the House—two years in succession, and a majority in the Senate, in order that the amendment to the Constitution establishing this reform might be submitted to the people.

I recommended the Initiative and Referendum in my inaugural address and took the unusual course of personally appearing before the committee to urge its adoption during the progress of the bill. Several years ago I had introduced the Initiative and Referendum in the State, and those who opposed it, in order to attract it, caused it to be passed, so-called Public Opinion bill, by which the people of any representative district might have put upon the ballot any question, and then have it voted for by the people of the district so that their representatives might know what the people of the district wanted.

Last year the question whether or not the people wanted the Initiative and Referendum was submitted to the voters of five districts represented by the Legislature. In four of the districts the vote was more than three, and in some cases more than four, in favor of the Initiative and Referendum. The Legislature, however, refused to use the Initiative and Referendum. The Progressive Party endorsed the Initiative and Referendum and the Progressive Party endorsed it, and the vote for the parties endorsing the Initiative and Referendum was more than three, and in some cases more than four, in favor of the Initiative and Referendum.

Natural justice, this, as evidence of public sentiment in favor of the Initiative and Referendum, and it is a pity that the Legislature has refused to use the Initiative and Referendum. The Legislature has refused to use the Initiative and Referendum, and the Progressive Party endorsed the Initiative and Referendum, and the Progressive Party endorsed it, and the vote for the parties endorsing the Initiative and Referendum was more than three, and in some cases more than four, in favor of the Initiative and Referendum. The Legislature, however, refused to use the Initiative and Referendum. The Progressive Party endorsed the Initiative and Referendum and the Progressive Party endorsed it, and the vote for the parties endorsing the Initiative and Referendum was more than three, and in some cases more than four, in favor of the Initiative and Referendum.

Love and Battle Figure in Daring Quest of The Diamond Secret Held by Evil Old Gagool

(Continued from Preceding Page.)

will of the Almighty. The search for treasure has brought many a bad end; and we shall go to swell their number."

The lamp grew dimmer yet. Suddenly it sunk, and expired.

CHAPTER XVI. A Way Out.

I CAN give no adequate description of the horrors of the night which followed. We were buried in the bowels of a huge, ancient pile. We were cut off from all echoes of the world—we were as already dead.

And then the irony of the situation forced itself upon me. There around us lay treasures enough to pay off a moderate national debt, or to build a fleet of iron-clads, and yet we would gladly have bartered them all for the faintest chance of escape. Soon, doubtless, we should be glad to exchange them for a bit of food or a cup of water, and, after that, even for the privilege of a speedy close to our sufferings. Truly wealth, which men spend all their lives in acquiring is a valueless thing at the last.

And so the night wore on. We ate, then slept some water, and, after another period of time passed, and so on.

Once more we ate and drank, and as we did so an idea occurred to me. "How is it?" said I, "that the air in this place keeps fresh? It is thick and heavy, but it is perfectly fresh."

"Great heavens!" said Good,

starting up, "I never thought of that. It can't come through the stone door, for it is air-tight, if ever a door was. It must come from somewhere. If there were no current of air in the place, we should have been stifled when first we came in. Let us have a look."

For an hour or more we went on feeling about, till at last Sir Henry and I gave it up in despair. But Good still persevered.

"I say, you fellows," he said, presently, in a constrained sort of voice, "come back."

Needless to say, we scrambled over toward him quick enough. "Quatermain, put your hand here where mine is. Now, do you feel anything?"

"I think I feel air coming up," "Now listen," Sir rose and stamped upon the place, and a flame of hope shot up in our hearts. It rang hollow.

With trembling hands I lit a match. I had only three left, and we saw that we were in the angle of the far corner of the chamber, a fact that accounted for our not having noticed the hollow ring of the place during our former exhaustive examination. As the match burned we scrutinized the spot. There was a joint in the solid rock floor, and, great heavens! there, set in level with the rock, was a stone ring.

Good had a knife, at the back of which was one of those hooks that are made to extract stones from horses' hoofs. He opened it, and scratched away at the ring with it. Finally he got it undone, and levered away gently for fear of breaking the hook. The ring began to move. Being of stone, it had not got set fast in all the centuries it had lain

there, as would have been the case had it been of iron. Presently it was upright. Then he got his hands into it and tugged with all his force, but nothing budged.

"Now, Curtis! Good said, "tackle on, and put your back into it, you are as strong as two. Stop," and he took off a stout black silk handkerchief, which, true to its habits of sturdiness, he still wore, and ran it through the ring. "Quatermain, get Curtis round the middle and pull for dear life when I give the word. Now."

Sir Henry put out all his enormous strength, and Good and I did the same, with such power as nature had given us.

"Heave! heave!" it's giving," gasped Sir Henry, and I heard the muscles of his great back crackling. Suddenly there came a pinging sound, then a rush of air, and we were all on our backs on the floor with a great flagstone on the top of us. Sir Henry's strength had done it, and never did muscular power stand a man in better stead.

"Light a match, Quatermain," he said, as soon as we had picked ourselves up and got our breath, "carefully, now."

I did so, and there before us was, God be praised! the first step of a stone stair.

"Now what is to be done?" asked Good.

"Follow the stair, of course, and trust to Providence."

"Stop!" said Sir Henry. "Quatermain, get the bit of bling and the water that is left; we may want them."

I went creeping back to our place by the chest for that purpose, and as I was coming away an idea struck me. We had not

thought much of the diamonds for the last twenty-four hours or so. Indeed, the idea of diamonds was nauseous, seeing what they had entailed upon us; but, thought I, I may as well pocket a few in case we ever should get out of this ghastly hole. So I just stuck my fist into the first chest and filled all the available pockets of my old shooting-coat, tucking up this was a happy thought—with a couple of handfuls of big ones out of the third chest.

I Fill My Pockets Full of Diamonds.

"I say, you fellows," I sung out, "would you take some diamonds with you? I've filled my pockets."

"Oh, hang the diamonds!" said Sir Henry. "I hope that I may never see another."

As for Good, he made no answer. He was, I think, making his last farewell of all that was left of the poor girl who loved him so well. And, curious as it may seem to you, my reader, sitting at home at ease and reflecting on the vast, indeed, the immeasurable wealth which we were thus abandoning, I can assure you that if you had passed some twenty-eight hours with next to nothing to eat and drink in that place, you would not have cared to lumber yourself with diamonds while plunging down into the unknown bowels of the earth.

It had not, from habits of a lifetime, become a sort of a second nature with me never to leave anything worth having behind, if there was the slightest chance of my being able to carry it away. I am sure I should not have bothered to fill my pockets.

"Come on, Quatermain," said Sir Henry, who was already standing on the first step of the stone stair. "Ready, I will go first."

"Mind where you put your feet; there may be some awful hole underneath," said

"Much more likely to be another room," said Sir Henry, as he slowly descended, counting the steps as he went.

Which he got to "bottom," he stopped. "Here's the bottom," he said. "Thank goodness! I think it's a passage. Come on down."

Good descended next, and I followed him. By its light we could see that we were standing in a narrow tunnel, which ran right and left at right angles to the staircase we had descended. Before we could make out any more, the match burned his fingers and went out. Then arose the delicate question of which way to turn.

"Let us go against the draught," Good said, "air draws inward, not outward."

We took this suggestion, and feeling along the wall with one hand, while trying the ground before us at every step, we departed from that accursed treasure-chamber on our terrible quest. If ever it should be entered again by living man, he will find it as deserted. Before we could make out any more, the match burned his fingers and went out. Then arose the delicate question of which way to turn.

"Let us go against the draught," Good said, "air draws inward, not outward."

We took this suggestion, and feeling along the wall with one hand, while trying the ground before us at every step, we departed from that accursed treasure-chamber on our terrible quest. If ever it should be entered again by living man, he will find it as deserted. Before we could make out any more, the match burned his fingers and went out. Then arose the delicate question of which way to turn.

"Let us go against the draught," Good said, "air draws inward, not outward."

We took this suggestion, and feeling along the wall with one hand, while trying the ground before us at every step, we departed from that accursed treasure-chamber on our terrible quest. If ever it should be entered again by living man, he will find it as deserted. Before we could make out any more, the match burned his fingers and went out. Then arose the delicate question of which way to turn.

"Let us go against the draught," Good said, "air draws inward, not outward."

We took this suggestion, and feeling along the wall with one hand, while trying the ground before us at every step, we departed from that accursed treasure-chamber on our terrible quest. If ever it should be entered again by living man, he will find it as deserted. Before we could make out any more, the match burned his fingers and went out. Then arose the delicate question of which way to turn.

"Let us go against the draught," Good said, "air draws inward, not outward."

We took this suggestion, and feeling along the wall with one hand, while trying the ground before us at every step, we departed from that accursed treasure-chamber on our terrible quest. If ever it should be entered again by living man, he will find it as deserted. Before we could make out any more, the match burned his fingers and went out. Then arose the delicate question of which way to turn.

"Let us go against the draught," Good said, "air draws inward, not outward."

We took this suggestion, and feeling along the wall with one hand, while trying the ground before us at every step, we departed from that accursed treasure-chamber on our terrible quest. If ever it should be entered again by living man, he will find it as deserted. Before we could make out any more, the match burned his fingers and went out. Then arose the delicate question of which way to turn.

"Let us go against the draught," Good said, "air draws inward, not outward."

amazed to come upon a thatched hut. A lame man, with a black beard hobbled toward us.

"Great powers!" exclaimed Sir Henry, "my brother George!"

**CHAPTER XVIII.
Found.**

At the sound of the disturbance another figure, also clad in skins, emerged from the hut, with a gun in his hand, and came running toward us. On seeing me, he, too, gave a cry.

"Macmahahn," he hailed, "don't you know me, Mac? I'm Jim the hunter. I lost the note you gave me to give to the Khan, and we have been here nearly two years."

And the fellow fell to my feet, and, sobbing, ever and over, weeping for me.

"You careless scoundrel!" I said; "you ought to be well hidden."

"Meanwhile the man with the black beard had recovered and got up, and he and Sir Henry were apparently without a word to each other. But whatever they had quarreled about in the past, I suspect it was a lady, though I never asked. It was evidently forgotten now.

"My dear old fellow," burst out Sir Henry at last, "I thought that you were dead. I have been over Solomons' Mountains to find you, and now I come across you perched in the desert, like an old vulture!"

"I tried to go over Solomons' Mountains nearly two years ago," was the answer, spoken in the hoarse, rattling voice of a man who has had little recent opportunity of using his tongue, "but when I got to a bowlder fell on my leg and crushed it, and I have been able to go neither forward nor back."

Then I came up. "How do you do, Mr. Neville?" I said; "do you remember me?"

"Why," he said, "I'm Quatermain, eh, and Good, too? Hold on a minute, you fellows. I am very busy again. It is all so very tedious, and when a man has ceased to move, so very busy."

That evening, over the camp-fire, Good and I, and the lame man, which, in its way, was almost as eventful as our own, and amounted to a mountain pass to the north of the one that followed by Solomons' Great Road. It led to an oasis that would enable us to avoid the hardships of an unbroken desert journey, such as nearly cost our lives on the way out.

At the edge of the wall of precipitous cliff that marks the end of the Kukuna plateau we left Jim and his company. We descended the cliff and struck the desert, heading toward the east.

As we reached the oasis and approached a running stream, we were

amazed to come upon a thatched hut. A lame man, with a black beard hobbled toward us.

"Great powers!" exclaimed Sir Henry, "my brother George!"

**CHAPTER XVIII.
Found.**

At the sound of the disturbance another figure, also clad in skins, emerged from the hut, with a gun in his hand, and came running toward us. On seeing me, he, too, gave a cry.

"Macmahahn," he hailed, "don't you know me, Mac? I'm Jim the hunter. I lost the note you gave me to give to the Khan, and we have been here nearly two years."

And the fellow fell to my feet, and, sobbing, ever and over, weeping for me.

"You careless scoundrel!" I said; "you ought to be well hidden."

"Meanwhile the man with the black beard had recovered and got up, and he and Sir Henry were apparently without a word to each other. But whatever they had quarreled about in the past, I suspect it was a lady, though I never asked. It was evidently forgotten now.

"My dear old fellow," burst out Sir Henry at last, "I thought that you were dead. I have been over Solomons' Mountains to find you, and now I come across you perched in the desert, like an old vulture!"

"I tried to go over Solomons' Mountains nearly two years ago," was the answer, spoken in the hoarse, rattling voice of a man who has had little recent opportunity of using his tongue, "but when I got to a bowlder fell on my leg and crushed it, and I have been able to go neither forward nor back."

Then I came up. "How do you do, Mr. Neville?" I said; "do you remember me?"

"Why," he said, "I'm Quatermain, eh, and Good, too? Hold on a minute, you fellows. I am very busy again. It is all so very tedious, and when a man has ceased to move, so very busy."

That evening, over the camp-fire, Good and I, and the lame man, which, in its way, was almost as eventful as our own, and amounted to a mountain pass to the north of the one that followed by Solomons' Great Road. It led to an oasis that would enable us to avoid the hardships of an unbroken desert journey, such as nearly cost our lives on the way out.

At the edge of the wall of precipitous cliff that marks the end of the Kukuna plateau we left Jim and his company. We descended the cliff and struck the desert, heading toward the east.

As we reached the oasis and approached a running stream, we were

amazed to come upon a thatched hut. A lame man, with a black beard hobbled toward us.

"Great powers!" exclaimed Sir Henry, "my brother George!"

**CHAPTER XVIII.
Found.**

At the sound of the disturbance another figure, also clad in skins, emerged from the hut, with a gun in his hand, and came running toward us. On seeing me, he, too, gave a cry.

"Macmahahn," he hailed, "don't you know me, Mac? I'm Jim the hunter. I lost the note you gave me to give to the Khan, and we have been here nearly two years."

And the fellow fell to my feet, and, sobbing, ever and over, weeping for me.

"You careless scoundrel!" I said; "you ought to be well hidden."

"Meanwhile the man with the black beard had recovered and got up, and he and Sir Henry were apparently without a word to each other. But whatever they had quarreled about in the past, I suspect it was a lady, though I never asked. It was evidently forgotten now.

"My dear old fellow," burst out Sir Henry at last, "I thought that you were dead. I have been over Solomons' Mountains to find you, and now I come across you perched in the desert, like an old vulture!"

"I tried to go over Solomons' Mountains nearly two years ago," was the answer, spoken in the hoarse, rattling voice of a man who has had little recent opportunity of using his tongue, "but when I got to a bowlder fell on my leg and crushed it, and I have been able to go neither forward nor back."

Then I came up. "How do you do, Mr. Neville?" I said; "do you remember me?"

"Why," he said, "I'm Quatermain, eh, and Good, too? Hold on a minute, you fellows. I am very busy again. It is all so very tedious, and when a man has ceased to move, so very busy."

That evening, over the camp-fire, Good and I, and the lame man, which, in its way, was almost as eventful as our own, and amounted to a mountain pass to the north of the one that followed by Solomons' Great Road. It led to an oasis that would enable us to avoid the hardships of an unbroken desert journey, such as nearly cost our lives on the way out.

At the edge of the wall of precipitous cliff that marks the end of the Kukuna plateau we left Jim and his company. We descended the cliff and struck the desert, heading toward the east.

As we reached the oasis and approached a running stream, we were

amazed to come upon a thatched hut. A lame man, with a black beard hobbled toward us.

"Great powers!" exclaimed Sir Henry, "my brother George!"

**CHAPTER XVIII.
Found.**

At the sound of the disturbance another figure, also clad in skins, emerged from the hut, with a gun in his hand, and came running toward us. On seeing me, he, too, gave a cry.

"Macmahahn," he hailed, "don't you know me, Mac? I'm Jim the hunter. I lost the note you gave me to give to the Khan, and we have been here nearly two years."

And the fellow fell to my feet, and, sobbing, ever and over, weeping for me.

"You careless scoundrel!" I said; "you ought to be well hidden."

"Meanwhile the man with the black beard had recovered and got up, and he and Sir Henry were apparently without a word to each other. But whatever they had quarreled about in the past, I suspect it was a lady, though I never asked. It was evidently forgotten now.

"My dear old fellow," burst out Sir Henry at last, "I thought that you were dead. I have been over Solomons' Mountains to find you, and now I come across you perched in the desert, like an old vulture!"

"I tried to go over Solomons' Mountains nearly two years ago," was the answer, spoken in the hoarse, rattling voice of a man who has had little recent opportunity of using his tongue, "but when I got to a bowlder fell on my leg and crushed it, and I have been able to go neither forward nor back."

Then I came up. "How do you do, Mr. Neville?" I said; "do you remember me?"

"Why," he said, "I'm Quatermain, eh, and Good, too? Hold on a minute, you fellows. I am very busy again. It is all so very tedious, and when a man has ceased to move, so very busy."

That evening, over the camp-fire, Good and I, and the lame man, which, in its way, was almost as eventful as our own, and amounted to a mountain pass to the north of the one that followed by Solomons' Great Road. It led to an oasis that would enable us to avoid the hardships of an unbroken desert journey, such as nearly cost our lives on the way out.

At the edge of the wall of precipitous cliff that marks the end of the Kukuna plateau we left Jim and his company. We descended the cliff and struck the desert, heading toward the east.

As we reached the oasis and approached a running stream, we were

amazed to come upon a thatched hut. A lame man, with a black beard hobbled toward us.

"Great powers!" exclaimed Sir Henry, "my brother George!"

**CHAPTER XVIII.
Found.**

At the sound of the disturbance another figure, also clad in skins, emerged from the hut, with a gun in his hand, and came running toward us. On seeing me, he, too, gave a cry.

"Macmahahn," he hailed, "don't you know me, Mac? I'm Jim the hunter. I lost the note you gave me to give to the Khan, and we have been here nearly two years."

And the fellow fell to my feet, and, sobbing, ever and over, weeping for me.

"You careless scoundrel!" I said; "you ought to be well hidden."

"Meanwhile the man with the black beard had recovered and got up, and he and Sir Henry were apparently without a word to each other. But whatever they had quarreled about in the past, I suspect it was a lady, though I never asked. It was evidently forgotten now.

"My dear old fellow," burst out Sir Henry at last, "I thought that you were dead. I have been over Solomons' Mountains to find you, and now I come across you perched in the desert, like an old vulture!"

"I tried to go over Solomons' Mountains nearly two years ago," was the answer, spoken in the hoarse, rattling voice of a man who has had little recent opportunity of using his tongue, "but when I got to a bowlder fell on my leg and crushed it, and I have been able to go neither forward nor back."

Then I came up. "How do you do, Mr. Neville?" I said; "do you remember me?"

"Why," he said, "I'm Quatermain, eh, and Good, too? Hold on a minute, you fellows. I am very busy again. It is all so very tedious, and when a man has ceased to move, so very busy."

That evening, over the camp-fire, Good and I, and the lame man, which, in its way, was almost as eventful as our own, and amounted to a mountain pass to the north of the one that followed by Solomons' Great Road. It led to an oasis that would enable us to avoid the hardships of an unbroken desert journey, such as nearly cost our lives on the way out.



Ignosi compels Gagool to tell the diamond secret: "Cease thine evil talk and answer me," said Ignosi. "If thou wilt not thou diest even now." He seized a spear and brought it down until it pricked the prostrate heap of rags. With a wild yell, she said: "Nay, I will show it." (Miss Lillian Harrison as Gagool, Richard Eugene Shellet as Ignosi).



The death of Foulata: "Foulata had been stabbed by Gagool. Good knelt down and held her. She gasped: 'I am glad to die because I know that the sun cannot make with the darkness, nor the black with the white. I love thee—Oh, hold me closer, Bougwan. I cannot feel thine arms—oh! oh!' 'She is dead,' said Good." (Miss Lillian Harrison as Foulata, Paul Lester as Good).

more gray. Good was not himself, on account of poor Foulata's death. Sir Henry was as fit as an ever, apparently.

We never again penetrated King Solomon's treasure chamber. We never could find the hole in the pit where by which we had emerged from the subterranean tunnel.

We did make a second examination of the stilette cave and even penetrated the chamber of the dead. We gazed at the mass of rock that Gagool had lowered against us and under which she herself had been crushed. It was so close to the entrance of the sliding door that the secret spring or whatever it was by which the door is made to rise again.

We finally gave up in disgust, although I question whether, if we had found the secret of the door we would have had courage to step over Gagool's mangled remains and enter the treasure chamber.

Someone I felt that the millions pounds worth of gems in those three stone coffers will never be an earthly benefit. They and Foulata's bones will keep company forever.

But the thing that I had stuffed in the pockets of my old coat was a little bit of paper. When I rolled down the slide, comparatively speaking, they made an enormous quantity, including sixteen large stones ranging over 10 karats in weight, sufficient in all to make us very wealthy men and leave enough over to form the three finest sets of gems in Europe.

Ignosi heard our tale with breathless interest. When we were through he asked an Indian acquaintance how far back he could remember Gagool. The old man replied:

"When I was a little boy, Gagool was living, and even then he was very old, very ugly and very full of evil."

When we told Ignosi we wished to leave he expressed deep regret, but acknowledged it was only natural for white men to yearn for their own land and people. He arranged to have us escorted out of Kukuna Land. But he failed.

"Except you three on white men shall ever enter our country again," he said. "He retired to his hut."

Indoors and the secret led us out by a mountain pass to the north of the one that followed by Solomons' Great Road. It led to an oasis that would enable us to avoid the hardships of an unbroken desert journey, such as nearly cost our lives on the way out.

At the edge of the wall of precipitous cliff that marks the end of the Kukuna plateau we left Jim and his company. We descended the cliff and struck the desert, heading toward the east.

As we reached the oasis and approached a running stream, we were

amazed to come upon a thatched hut. A lame man, with a black beard hobbled toward us.

"Great powers!" exclaimed Sir Henry, "my brother George!"

**CHAPTER XVII.
Ignosi's Farewell.**

TEN days from that eventful morning found us back at Loo. My hair was three shades

amazed to come upon a thatched hut. A lame man, with a black beard hobbled toward us.

"Great powers!" exclaimed Sir Henry, "my brother George!"

**CHAPTER XVIII.
Found.**

At the sound of the disturbance another figure, also clad in skins, emerged from the hut, with a gun in his hand, and came running toward us. On seeing me, he, too, gave a cry.

"Macmahahn," he hailed, "don't you know me, Mac? I'm Jim the hunter. I lost the note you gave me to give to the Khan, and we have been here nearly two years."

And the fellow fell to my feet, and, sobbing, ever and over, weeping for me.

"You careless scoundrel!" I said; "you ought to be well hidden."

"Meanwhile the man with the black beard had recovered and got up, and he and Sir Henry were apparently without a word to each other. But whatever they had quarreled about in the past, I suspect it was a lady, though I never asked. It was evidently forgotten now.

"My dear old fellow," burst out Sir Henry at last, "I thought that you were dead. I have been over Solomons' Mountains to find you, and now I come across you perched in the desert, like an old vulture!"

"I tried to go over Solomons' Mountains nearly two years ago," was the answer, spoken in the hoarse, rattling voice of a man who has had little recent opportunity of using his tongue, "but when I got to a bowlder fell on my leg and crushed it, and I have been able to go neither forward nor back."

Then I came up. "How do you do, Mr. Neville?" I said; "do you remember me?"

"Why," he said, "I'm Quatermain, eh, and Good, too? Hold on a minute, you fellows. I am very busy again. It is all so very tedious, and when a man has ceased to move, so very busy."

That evening, over the camp-fire, Good and I, and the lame man, which, in its way, was almost as eventful as our own, and amounted to a mountain pass to the north of the one that followed by Solomons' Great Road. It led to an oasis that would enable us to avoid the hardships of an unbroken desert journey, such as nearly cost our lives on the way out.

At the edge of the wall of precipitous cliff that marks the end of the Kukuna plateau we left Jim and his company. We descended the cliff and struck the desert, heading toward the east.

As we reached the oasis and approached a running stream, we were

amazed to come upon a thatched hut. A lame man, with a black beard hobbled toward us.

"Great powers!" exclaimed Sir Henry, "my brother George

WALSH ASSERTS HORMEL MOVE IS 'POLITICS'

Governor Declares He Will Open
the License Records to McCall,
Clark and Shaw.

Governor Walsh accuses Chairman Hornel of the Republican City Committee of attempting to use the power of the courts for political purposes and of seeking to link up the case of Governor Hornel with the case of Governor Walsh.

Governor Walsh's letter follows: "Hornel, Chairman of the Republican City Committee, Dear Sir:—I have your letter of yesterday in the matter of your petition before the Supreme Court for mandamus against the Licensing Board for the City of Boston.

The statute creating the Licensing Board provides that only the Governor or the Mayor of the City of Boston, or any person authorized by either or both of them, may have the right to inspect the records of the board, and you ask me to designate you as a person who may inspect the records.

The questions which you raise are now before the Supreme Court of this State for determination, and any ordinary consideration I would not take any action while it was before the courts, but it is so evident that you have attempted to use the power of the courts for political purposes that I shall give the people of the Commonwealth an opportunity to take the measure of your sincerity and good intentions.

If the people in candidate for Governor, Mr. McCall, whose cause you are attempting to serve will write me a letter stating that he approves your action, I will designate him, Mr. Nelson.

I think the Progressive candidate for Governor, Mr. William Shaw, the prohibition candidate for Governor, as persons who, under the terms of the statute, may inspect the records, and I shall direct the Licensing Board for the City of Boston to do so.

As to the political phase of this matter, I have but little interest, because I have appointed but one member of the board and I am a Republican and President of the Boston Society of Civil Engineers.

But the people of this State ought to know that the Republican machine is planning for the vote of the temperance element in the State of the Commonwealth, your action as chairman of the board is to give the support of a few liquor dealers to a person who you think are disinterested with the regulations on food by the board.

Yours truly,
DAVID I. WALSH

Penn is commencing to receive the first of the Fall crop of violets from the conservatories.

Many flower lovers have been waiting for these first pretty blossoms, and those who know realize that there is a wide difference in the first bloom—to be sure of the choicest you should buy at Penn's.

Picked Fresh
Three Times a Day

Penn's
43 Bromfield Street
Phone 836-839 Fort Hill

ANCIENTS ARE READY FOR CALL TO BATTLEFIELD

Company Borrows Rifles and
Begins Range Campaign of
Preparedness.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

ANCIENTS LEARN TO HIT TARGET



Above, an Ancient's Preparedness Squad at the range, and below (in foreground), Sergeant Henry Winthrop, who made the highest score—13 out of a possible 15—and a group of members of the company, all with their eyes on the targets.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the United States, has begun its campaign of preparedness.

DEMAND FOR FURS TO SEND UP PRICE

Conditions Also Affected by Cur-
tailment of Supply as Result
of the European War.

The fashions, which have created an unusual demand for furs this season, and the European war, which has some-
what curtailed the supply, are expected to send the price of most all grades of fur sharply upward in the near future.

Boston dealers assert that the lowest level of prices has been reached. Stocks of fur held in this country are rapidly being diminished and the demand for the fur trade will be very good work can be done in this country in the preparation of furs as can be done abroad.

This statement appears as well as the work done on Russian sable, the gem of the fur business and very fox, as to furs of lesser value. The use of muskrat means the employment of large quantities of dyer and dyestuffs are increasingly hard to obtain.

Some of the most luxurious coats are made of muskrat, muskrat skin, and they closely resemble sable.

The unusual amount of fur employed in trimming cloaks and dresses has also served to start prices upward. Some of the dealers have about exhausted their stocks of beaver and American opossum, and this is more or less true of other skins which may be effectively combined with wool, silk and velvet.

The use of muskrat furs, especially fox skins, has had a wide effect on the market, too. Dealers say they desire to keep prices down and make their advantage only as they are compelled to do so. With the export trade at a standstill, the United States seems to be absorbing its own fur production.

**Co-operative Bakery
Opened by Grocers**

A new bakery, to be conducted on the co-operative plan, a thousand of the grocers of Greater Boston, has been thrown open to the inspection of the public at No. 35 Cottage street, Dorchester.

The grocers are stockholders in the enterprise; their bakery is modern and up to date. Since the building was thrown open, hundreds of people—importers of their household goods, who are interested in this form of community ownership—have inspected the plant.

The bakery is expected to begin operations shortly.

**Miss E. Carolyn Hill
to Wed Milton Hall**

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Bentley of Boston, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss E. Carolyn Hill, to Clifford Albright of Milton.

ARMOUR BRANCH AT WORCESTER

New Plant, the Most Complete in
the East, to Be Shown to
the Public Tuesday.

WORCESTER, Oct. 30.—On Tuesday, Armour & Co. will throw open to the public their new branch house at No. 211-219 Worcester street—a building considered the best equipped of its kind in the country. The structure is of concrete and brick with a ground area of 12,000 square feet.

The new plant is equipped with the latest construction for sanitary storage for several hundred tons of meat, and has the smoke-house, fire pits, and a large number of other features.

where skilled men are to be washed before smoking for employees, with a shower bath, and a big dining room and refrigerating plant occupy the remainder of the basement.

A show room, a provision room, a beef cooler with a capacity of 100 cattle and 400 lambs, a shipping room, and the manager's office occupy the first floor.

The second floor is largely given over to the office of the Federal Bureau of Animal Industry, who will be stationed at the plant.

The third floor is for general storage, and is provided with warm water, and a large number of other features.

The fourth floor is occupied by the most modern sausage factory in the East. The floor is of red tile, and the walls of white enamel tile. Cutting and grinding machines, stuffers and the like are set up here. A sausage cooker, a revolving gas oven and three coolers complete the equipment.

Frank W. Lowe and Arthur Deland will be manager and assistant manager of the plant.

**School Centres
Resume Activity**

Most active among Boston's evening centers is the Roxbury High School of Practical Arts, where interesting and instructive programs have been arranged for the public.

The first of the series of free evening entertainments will be held on Monday evening, November 1, when a showing in motion pictures.

Next Monday evening, November 2, the Spoken Word will give a play before the Mothers' Club on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 4. The South Boston Mothers' Club is especially invited.

Friday evening, Nov. 5, Mrs. T. J. Keene, first vice-president of the Mothers' Club, will put on a three-act comedy, "Perfection of Troy," to raise money for a children's Christmas party.

DOLLARS are saved for you in this store where folks try on their new shoes themselves—carry home their packages—pay cash—purchase without alterations—and then save indirectly because they cannot return goods after 48 hours—Think it over! Investigate MONDAY early!

Glimpses at the Kind of Bargains We Are Famous For

On Sale Monday Hundreds of Other Lots

Just 120 Envelope Chemises
★ **OF \$1 SILK**
Good quality pink or white crepe de chine, lace trimmed.
—also unusual lot of crepe de chine negligees in pink or white at \$2.95

Heavy Peau de Cygne Petticoats
\$1.55
Wide circular flounce, fitted waist, black, white, blue, pink, green, and navy blue. —also exceptional light weight lacy satin petticoats at 45c.

60 GIRLS' COATS
\$2.25
Brown and blue with white trim, with white collar and cuffs, with white belt.
Junior Coats
Black, white, blue, pink, green, and navy blue. —also lot of girls' coats at \$1.59

Maker's Surplus of Neckwear
29c
—superior "crepe" neckties, —"crepe" and "off back" ties, —black, white, pink, green, and navy blue. —also lot of neckties at the same low price.

Just 75 New WAISTS
★ **OF SILK \$1**
Mostly crepe de chine, a few tub skirts and mesha skirts in plain colors.
—also an exceptional lot of crepe de chine and mesha skirts at \$2.95

Big lot of new French Serge and Taffeta Combination Dresses
\$3.90
—full plaited skirts, —white taffeta collars, —mesha, green, and navy blue. —ready Monday at 8 1/2.

Now Come Hundreds of Pairs of Women's Shoes
\$1.95
All Well Known Brands.
Button shoes—novelty shoes—lace shoes—tuede top shoes—cloth tops—plain blacks—patent leathers.
All have Goodyear Welted Soles and plenty of all sizes 2 1/2 to 7—C, D and E widths.
Included above are Women's W. L. Douglas sample shoes in sizes 3 1/2 and 4 at the same price.

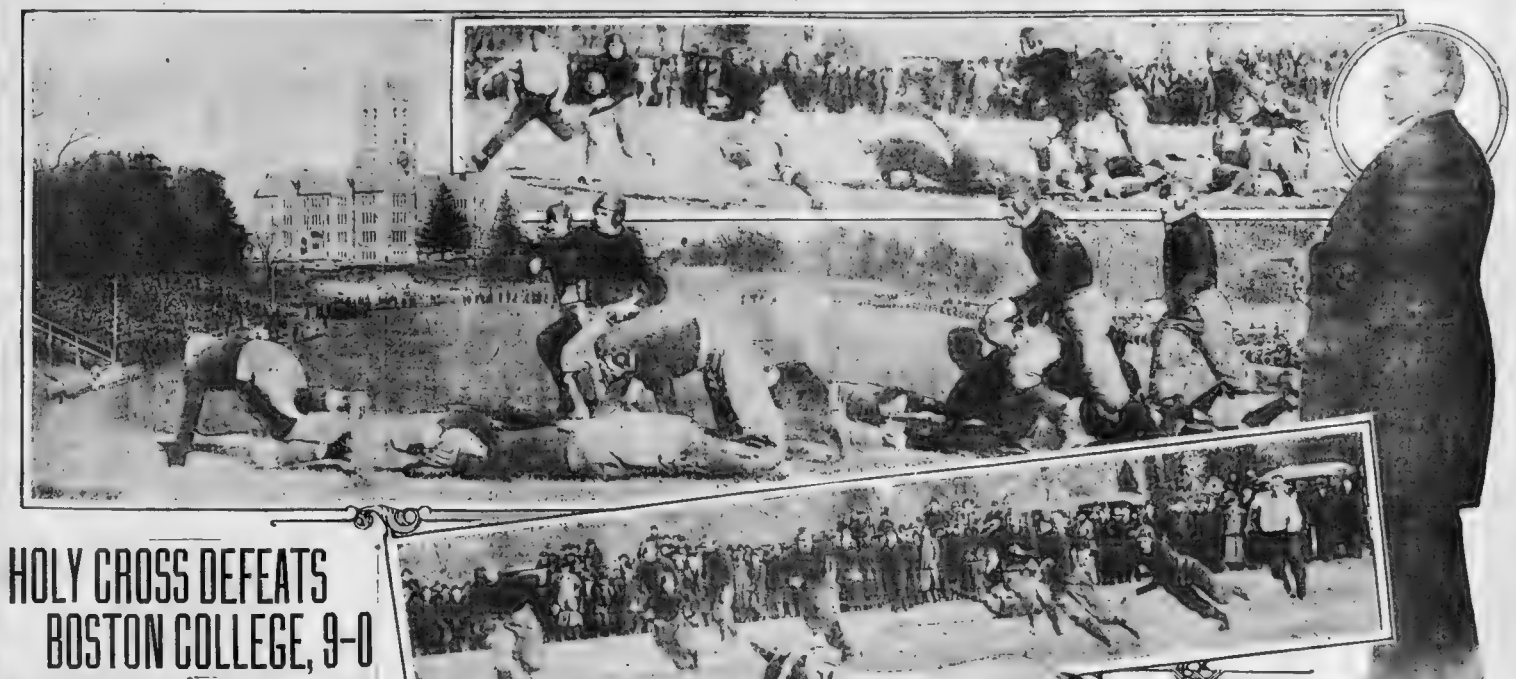
HUNDREDS OF Trimmed Hats
\$1.50
Wide variety Many Fur Trimmed
READY MONDAY

Unusual Lot of Women's—Misses' Fur Trimmed Coats
\$8.90
Right-to-the-Minute in Style!
Checks—plaid coats—black and white—brown and black—red and black—effectively big fur collars—belt—full sweep to skirts.
50 New Fall Coats. Some all lined; some unlined; some in different colors; some in mesha; some in silk. —ready Monday at \$12.75
Misses' and Women's Coats. Including mixture and plain cloths. Many fitted models, warm and comfortable. —ready Monday at \$6.90

No Other Store Is Like This Stars Mean That the Lots Should Sell Before 10 A. M.—Come Early

Harvard '19	41/Exeter	30/Worcester A.	7/Newburyport	6/St. Mark's	13/St. John's	12/Wellesley	6/Groton	14
Dean Acad.	17/Tiger '19	0/Penn '19	0/Revere High	6/Milton H.	0/Taunton	7/Lynn Class.	0/Springfield	0

INCIDENTS FEATURING DEDICATION OF BOSTON COLLEGE ATHLETIC FIELD



HOLY CROSS DEFEATS BOSTON COLLEGE, 9-0

The Holy Cross team, led by all the best players of the Boston college team, won a convincing victory, following the tradition of the Holy Cross team, by defeating Boston College, 9-0, in a football game played at the latter's home, the Holy Cross stadium, on Sunday afternoon. The game was a real contest, and the Holy Cross players, under the leadership of their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, showed great skill and courage. The players from Boston College, who were led by their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, were defeated by a score of 9-0. The game was a real contest, and the Holy Cross players, under the leadership of their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, showed great skill and courage. The players from Boston College, who were led by their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, were defeated by a score of 9-0.

LOWELL HIGH IS BEATEN OUT BY DORCHESTER

Home Eleven Wins, 7 to 0, in Hard-Fought Game on Dunbar Avenue Grounds.

DORCHESTER HIGH won a hard-fought game on Dunbar Avenue grounds, defeating Lowell High, 7-0. The game was a real contest, and the Lowell players, under the leadership of their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, showed great skill and courage. The players from Dunbar, who were led by their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, were defeated by a score of 7-0. The game was a real contest, and the Lowell players, under the leadership of their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, showed great skill and courage. The players from Dunbar, who were led by their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, were defeated by a score of 7-0.

ENGLISH HIGH AND SALEM IN SCORELESS TIE

Wind, Which Blew Across the Field, Prevented Flynn from Kicking Goal.

ENGLISH HIGH and SALEM played a scoreless tie game. The game was a real contest, and the English players, under the leadership of their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, showed great skill and courage. The players from Salem, who were led by their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, were defeated by a score of 0-0. The game was a real contest, and the English players, under the leadership of their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, showed great skill and courage. The players from Salem, who were led by their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, were defeated by a score of 0-0.

St. Marks Gets Win Over Milton with 13-0 Score

ST. MARKS won a convincing victory over MILTON, 13-0. The game was a real contest, and the St. Marks players, under the leadership of their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, showed great skill and courage. The players from Milton, who were led by their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, were defeated by a score of 13-0. The game was a real contest, and the St. Marks players, under the leadership of their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, showed great skill and courage. The players from Milton, who were led by their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, were defeated by a score of 13-0.

Bowdoin Takes Game, 7-0, From Bates Rivals

BOWDOIN won a convincing victory over BATES, 7-0. The game was a real contest, and the Bowdoin players, under the leadership of their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, showed great skill and courage. The players from Bates, who were led by their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, were defeated by a score of 7-0. The game was a real contest, and the Bowdoin players, under the leadership of their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, showed great skill and courage. The players from Bates, who were led by their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, were defeated by a score of 7-0.

MICHIGAN EASY FOR SYRACUSE

Orange Eleven Wins, 14 to 7, in a Game Featured by Sensational Plays.

MICHIGAN won a convincing victory over SYRACUSE, 14-7. The game was a real contest, and the Michigan players, under the leadership of their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, showed great skill and courage. The players from Syracuse, who were led by their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, were defeated by a score of 14-7. The game was a real contest, and the Michigan players, under the leadership of their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, showed great skill and courage. The players from Syracuse, who were led by their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, were defeated by a score of 14-7.

Navy Loses to N. C. College by 14 to 12 Score

ANNAPOLIS won a convincing victory over NAVY, 14-12. The game was a real contest, and the Annapolis players, under the leadership of their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, showed great skill and courage. The players from Navy, who were led by their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, were defeated by a score of 14-12. The game was a real contest, and the Annapolis players, under the leadership of their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, showed great skill and courage. The players from Navy, who were led by their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, were defeated by a score of 14-12.

The Holy Cross team, led by all the best players of the Boston college team, won a convincing victory, following the tradition of the Holy Cross team, by defeating Boston College, 9-0, in a football game played at the latter's home, the Holy Cross stadium, on Sunday afternoon. The game was a real contest, and the Holy Cross players, under the leadership of their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, showed great skill and courage. The players from Boston College, who were led by their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, were defeated by a score of 9-0. The game was a real contest, and the Holy Cross players, under the leadership of their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, showed great skill and courage. The players from Boston College, who were led by their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, were defeated by a score of 9-0.

Harvard Soccer Players Trounced

The Harvard team, led by all the best players of the Boston college team, won a convincing victory, following the tradition of the Harvard team, by defeating Boston College, 9-0, in a football game played at the latter's home, the Harvard stadium, on Sunday afternoon. The game was a real contest, and the Harvard players, under the leadership of their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, showed great skill and courage. The players from Boston College, who were led by their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, were defeated by a score of 9-0. The game was a real contest, and the Harvard players, under the leadership of their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, showed great skill and courage. The players from Boston College, who were led by their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, were defeated by a score of 9-0.

Harvard Soccer Players Trounced

The Harvard team, led by all the best players of the Boston college team, won a convincing victory, following the tradition of the Harvard team, by defeating Boston College, 9-0, in a football game played at the latter's home, the Harvard stadium, on Sunday afternoon. The game was a real contest, and the Harvard players, under the leadership of their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, showed great skill and courage. The players from Boston College, who were led by their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, were defeated by a score of 9-0. The game was a real contest, and the Harvard players, under the leadership of their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, showed great skill and courage. The players from Boston College, who were led by their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, were defeated by a score of 9-0.

Harvard Soccer Players Trounced

The Harvard team, led by all the best players of the Boston college team, won a convincing victory, following the tradition of the Harvard team, by defeating Boston College, 9-0, in a football game played at the latter's home, the Harvard stadium, on Sunday afternoon. The game was a real contest, and the Harvard players, under the leadership of their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, showed great skill and courage. The players from Boston College, who were led by their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, were defeated by a score of 9-0. The game was a real contest, and the Harvard players, under the leadership of their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, showed great skill and courage. The players from Boston College, who were led by their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, were defeated by a score of 9-0.

Harvard Soccer Players Trounced

The Harvard team, led by all the best players of the Boston college team, won a convincing victory, following the tradition of the Harvard team, by defeating Boston College, 9-0, in a football game played at the latter's home, the Harvard stadium, on Sunday afternoon. The game was a real contest, and the Harvard players, under the leadership of their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, showed great skill and courage. The players from Boston College, who were led by their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, were defeated by a score of 9-0. The game was a real contest, and the Harvard players, under the leadership of their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, showed great skill and courage. The players from Boston College, who were led by their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, were defeated by a score of 9-0.

Harvard Soccer Players Trounced

The Harvard team, led by all the best players of the Boston college team, won a convincing victory, following the tradition of the Harvard team, by defeating Boston College, 9-0, in a football game played at the latter's home, the Harvard stadium, on Sunday afternoon. The game was a real contest, and the Harvard players, under the leadership of their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, showed great skill and courage. The players from Boston College, who were led by their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, were defeated by a score of 9-0. The game was a real contest, and the Harvard players, under the leadership of their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, showed great skill and courage. The players from Boston College, who were led by their coach, Mr. J. J. Connelley, were defeated by a score of 9-0.

Used Automobiles

Tires and Accessories

Best Quality and Lowest Price. Are Advertised TODAY.

"Use Car" Columns

OF THE

Boston American

CORNELL WINS

Ithacans Show Burst of Speed at Finish and Crimson Trail

Cornell simply galloped away from the Harvard cross-country team yesterday over the six-mile Harvard course at Belmont, winning the dual romp by the score of 35 to 76.

seconds. Hoffmire, landing in second place, was 20 yards behind the winner in the time of 33 minutes 23 seconds. Potter, with an ailing ankle, managed to squeeze into third place in 23 minutes 41 1-5 seconds, 10 seconds faster than Pete Corwith of Cornell, the fourth man home.

Harvard's first man in was Amos Bancroft, his time being rung up as 34 minutes 7 4-5 seconds, and right on his heels ran Captain Twitchell of the Crimson, followed by Ed Tinkham and Charley Beckwith of Cornell.

HARVARD OFF IN THE LEAD.

The position in which each runner finished were added up and the college to first qualify seven men at the finish won the race. Cornell finished men in first, second, third, fourth, seventh, eighth and tenth places. Harvard's qualifiers landed in this order: Fifth, sixth, ninth, eleventh, fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth.

Twenty-three runners, of whom thirteen wore the Harvard colors, answered the starter's whistle. The pack bounded forth closely bunched. The first mile found Fuller of Harvard leading, with Hanrott, his team-

At the fifth mile the Cornell plodders still hung on, content to take things easy, but the homestretch loomed much nearer.

NOT FIGHT TO THE FINISH

At the fifth mile the Cornell plodders had practically clinched the race. Hoffmire was in the van and he was followed by Potter, Cornell's best runner.

1	L. V. Windage (Cornell)	23.0	72.8 s.
2	W. H. F. Foster (Cornell)	23.0	72.8 s.
3	D. V. Foster (Cornell)	23.0	81.1 s.
4	L. F. Foster (Cornell)	23.0	82.0 s.

3	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
4	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
5	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
6	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
7	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
8	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
9	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
10	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
11	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
12	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
13	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
14	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
15	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
16	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
17	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
18	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
19	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
20	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
21	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
22	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
23	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
24	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
25	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
26	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
27	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
28	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
29	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
30	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
31	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
32	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
33	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
34	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
35	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
36	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
37	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
38	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
39	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
40	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
41	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
42	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
43	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
44	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
45	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
46	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
47	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
48	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
49	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
50	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
51	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
52	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
53	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
54	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
55	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
56	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
57	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
58	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	3
59	A	H	W	W	Harvard	34	20	

Time—1.42.
St. Legerinn, Gainsborough, Mary Warren, After Night, Ben Levy, Kilday, Miss Waters, Springman also ran.
SECOND RACE—Purse; two-year-olds; mile.
Col. Vennil, 106 (Turner), 11.70, 4.00 and 2.80..... 1
Spur, 106 (Butwell), 2.70, 2.30..... 2
Sprint, 103 (Shuttlinger), 2.80..... 3
Time—1.40
Fair Weather, Franklin, Col. Guiteus Infield II, also ran.
THIRD RACE—Handicap; all ages; mile.
Cock o' the Walk, 126 (Faxon), 11.70, 4.00 and 2.80..... 1
Sally, 106 (Butwell), 2.70, 2.30..... 2
Sprint, 103 (Shuttlinger), 2.80..... 3
Time—1.40
Fair Weather, Franklin, Col. Guiteus Infield II, also ran.
THIRD RACE—Handicap; all ages; mile.
Cock o' the Walk, 126 (Faxon), 11.70, 4.00 and 2.80..... 1
Sally, 106 (Butwell), 2.70, 2.30..... 2
Sprint, 103 (Shuttlinger), 2.80..... 3

\$40, \$10, \$5. 1
 Eagle, 93 (Loudier), \$490, \$450. 2
 Buckhorn, 123 (Byrne), 45 3
 Time—1:30 4-5.
 Gnat, Pandean, Bac. Cannonade,
 Nouraddin and Superintendent also ran.
FOURTH RACE—The National
 handicap; three-year olds and up;
 mile and a furlong.
 Roamer, 132 (Rutwell), 34, \$310. 1
 out 2
 Stomboli, 123 (Lilley), \$470, out. 3
 Short Grass, 123 (Burrington), out. 4
 Time—1:50.
 Roly also ran.
 GAT, Helling, three-year olds

Fifth RACE—Selling, three-year-olds and up; mile and a sixteenth.	
Lahore, 112 (Lilley), \$5, \$220	1
\$270	
Bus. A. and, 101 (McDermott),	2
\$520, \$380	
D. L. 92 (Hayes), \$4 10	3
Time—1 47.3-4.	
Stalwart Helen, Volant, Solar Star	
also ran.	
SIXTH RACE—Selling, three-year-olds and up; mile and a quarter.	
Jawbone, 104 (Lilley) \$520, \$220	1
and \$470	
Raz, 91 (McDermott), \$1430	2
and \$700	
Tia Kumo, 100 (Ward), \$420	3

WHOLE TOWN GREET LEWIS
BOISE SPRINGS, Col., Oct. 30.—
Actually the whole town and a band
was at the station to greet Duffy Lewis
when the Red Sox hero arrived here.



FOR SALE
BILLIARD TABLES
 —AND—
BOWLING ALLEYS
 Brunswick Balke Collender Co.
 24 Washington St., Boston

APARTMENT ADVERTISING

HOW MUCH SHOULD MY HOME COST

TEN TIMES ANNUAL RENTALS

"How much shall I pay for my house?"

There is a question with which rent-payers are continually bombarded. And the answer is not always as simple as it seems. It is not always as simple as planning to buy a house with a little less than the annual rental value.

"Oh, an incorrect answer in which you prove a stumbling block in the way of a better one."

For if more is paid for a home than the rental value, the owner is bound to get a better return on his investment. There will always be the burden of the mortgage to pay. The owner will try to catch up financially. And the tenant will have to pay more for his shelter. The owner will have to pay more for his shelter. The owner will have to pay more for his shelter.

The prospective purchaser or builder is not to be deterred by the fact that the rental value is not always a reliable guide in determining the price of a house. The rental value is not always a reliable guide in determining the price of a house. The rental value is not always a reliable guide in determining the price of a house.

In the construction of a house, the rental value is not always a reliable guide in determining the price of a house. The rental value is not always a reliable guide in determining the price of a house. The rental value is not always a reliable guide in determining the price of a house.

has been devised which is a formula for determining the rental value of a house. The formula is like all formulas, it is not perfect. But it is a good one. It is a good one. It is a good one.

TEN TIMES RENTAL. Here it is—multiply your annual rental by 10. Thus if you pay \$300 monthly rent which makes your annual rental \$360, you can safely invest \$3600 in a home if you pay \$360 monthly rent. If you pay \$400 monthly rent, invest \$4000. If your monthly rent is \$50, your home should cost \$500.

All this implies, of course, that your rental bears a just proportion to the value of the property. American economists who have carefully studied the question agree that the rental of a home is in the vicinity of one-quarter of the total living expense—at least not above the average.

The formula stated above is based on the assumption that your land is not rented to anyone else.

ment, which is the usual assumption on suburban property to which the owner gives personal attention.

It is not clear how the method of determining the cost of a house is rough. A method which applies to all cases would be a great improvement over other factors. But it gives a starting point upon which other calculations may be based.

HOW TO INCREASE ESTIMATE.

It is not clear how the increase is to be made for a time based on the kind of furnishing, by an additional 10 per cent. This reasoning applies to single-family houses. Where the two-family house is concerned, the estimate is 10 per cent more.

In making a house, the question is simply asked whether it is

more available to own the house outright, or have a mortgage on it. Under the first plan, the owner can get a mortgage on the property, say for 60 per cent.

Second, a mortgage bearing interest at 5 or 5½ per cent may be had from either a savings or co-operative bank. An income of at least 10 per cent on the investment, considering as the income the rent to be paid to the tenant, will be required. The tenant will get a profit of 4½ to 5 per cent on the borrowed money.

Third, the money which otherwise would have been tied up can be used as a loan for the purchase of another place to let, or for the purchase of a new house, where you can give it personal attention. And this property can be sold at any time.

The wisdom of the mortgage is due

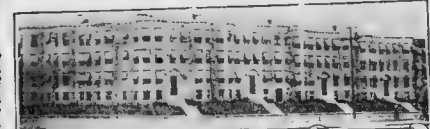
monstrated by the practice of large corporations of buying up the most profitable tracts of land, and then, by the use of their great wealth, who own large blocks of city property, always have the advantage in the way of securing mortgages on the property. It is a case of the rich getting richer, and the poor getting poorer. It is feared, and they possess the difference between the interest on the mortgage and the income from the property.

Improve Tract of Watertown

Three two-family houses will be erected by Alexander J. Mackay, 100 W. Main st., at the corner of Walnut and Franklin streets, in Watertown. The houses will be built on a lot of 100 ft. by 100 ft., and will be a fine example of the new style of architecture. The houses will be built on a lot of 100 ft. by 100 ft., and will be a fine example of the new style of architecture. The houses will be built on a lot of 100 ft. by 100 ft., and will be a fine example of the new style of architecture.

REPORT NEED
 Congressmen may be urged to act on bill to create a new agency to handle the problem of the homeless, according to a report by the House of Representatives.

BEAUTIFUL BROOKLINE APARTMENTS Built Owned Managed By GEO. W. JOHNSTON



1926-1932 DEACON STREET



The Boston and Brookline apartments shown on this page are owned and managed by Geo. W. Johnston, the well-known builder, with main office at 1290 Beacon St., Brookline.

The use of these apartments has met with popular approval, four rooms and bath to eight rooms and two baths for each family, as on 15th in the center of the building are located in the Brookline Fisher Hill and Bowdoin districts, the most desirable of Brookline.

Mr. Johnston has incorporated every new idea in the building, from a steam heat continuous hot water, junior service, refrigerators, etc., every modern apartment available.

Persons living in this location have the convenience of the Beacon and Bowdoin stations of the B. & N. R., also all Common wealth Ave., Beacon St. and Washington St. can enter the subway. The popularity of this apartment is proven by the fact that there is scarcely a day when the building is not full.

The town of Brookline provides as fine schools, playgrounds, etc., as any town in the world.

The contractors connected with these buildings are of all high class in their respective lines, and a high work fully justified Mr. Johnston's judgment in selecting them.



G. L. FISHER & CO.
Wall Paper for these buildings furnished
140 Dudley St., Boston
Tel. 783 Broadway

NEIL M. FORSYTH
Painting, Decorating, Graining, Glazing
1318 Beacon Street, Brookline (at College Corner)
Telephone 111-1115

J. F. WILLET & CO.
Hardware—Furnished for Above Apartments
Hardware—Paints
1332-1334 Tremont St., BOSTON
Tel. Broadway 11-1115

Common Building Brick
Used in the construction of these buildings were supplied by the
NEW ENGLAND BRICK CO.
Largest Manufacturers of Brick in New England.
18 Postoffice Square, Boston
Telephone 409 Main

Edgar S. Tobin & Co.
Tile and Brick Fireplaces
Tile Bathrooms
Ceramic and Marble
Massachusetts
46 Cornhill, Room 512
Tel. 572 Post Office
Boston

THE HEATING
in these apartment houses
was installed by
W. W. Campbell & Son Co.
Engineers & Contractors
Heating and Ventilating
MALDEN, MASS.

E. D. KAULBACK & SON
180 Pleasant Street
MALDEN, MASS.
Florists and
Landscape Gardeners
Business Quality Suburban
Telephone Malden, Mass., 612

ALLSTON & BROOKLINE
1340 Commonwealth Ave.
WALTER L. SMITH
1170 Commonwealth Ave.
Tel. 11-1115

BACK BAY APARTMENTS
160 Strathmore Road
829-833-844 Beacon St.
E. WHITE
All Rooms 12 to 15 per month

EXCLUSIVE Back Bay Suites
160 Strathmore Road
829-833-844 Beacon St.
E. WHITE
All Rooms 12 to 15 per month

Apartment—Brighton
160 Strathmore Road
829-833-844 Beacon St.
E. WHITE
All Rooms 12 to 15 per month

Apartment—Cambridge
160 Strathmore Road
829-833-844 Beacon St.
E. WHITE
All Rooms 12 to 15 per month

Apartment—Medford
160 Strathmore Road
829-833-844 Beacon St.
E. WHITE
All Rooms 12 to 15 per month

Apartment—Melrose
160 Strathmore Road
829-833-844 Beacon St.
E. WHITE
All Rooms 12 to 15 per month

Apartment—South Boston
160 Strathmore Road
829-833-844 Beacon St.
E. WHITE
All Rooms 12 to 15 per month

Long Hall
1340 Commonwealth Ave.
WALTER L. SMITH
1170 Commonwealth Ave.
Tel. 11-1115

Beautiful Kitchenette Suites
1340 Commonwealth Ave.
WALTER L. SMITH
1170 Commonwealth Ave.
Tel. 11-1115

Apartment—Arlington
1340 Commonwealth Ave.
WALTER L. SMITH
1170 Commonwealth Ave.
Tel. 11-1115

Apartment—Beachmont
1340 Commonwealth Ave.
WALTER L. SMITH
1170 Commonwealth Ave.
Tel. 11-1115

Apartment—Boston
1340 Commonwealth Ave.
WALTER L. SMITH
1170 Commonwealth Ave.
Tel. 11-1115

Apartment—Cambridge
1340 Commonwealth Ave.
WALTER L. SMITH
1170 Commonwealth Ave.
Tel. 11-1115

Apartment—Medford
1340 Commonwealth Ave.
WALTER L. SMITH
1170 Commonwealth Ave.
Tel. 11-1115

Apartment—Melrose
1340 Commonwealth Ave.
WALTER L. SMITH
1170 Commonwealth Ave.
Tel. 11-1115

Apartment—South Boston
1340 Commonwealth Ave.
WALTER L. SMITH
1170 Commonwealth Ave.
Tel. 11-1115

Apartment—Arlington
1340 Commonwealth Ave.
WALTER L. SMITH
1170 Commonwealth Ave.
Tel. 11-1115

Apartment—Beachmont
1340 Commonwealth Ave.
WALTER L. SMITH
1170 Commonwealth Ave.
Tel. 11-1115

Apartment—Boston
1340 Commonwealth Ave.
WALTER L. SMITH
1170 Commonwealth Ave.
Tel. 11-1115

Apartment—Cambridge
1340 Commonwealth Ave.
WALTER L. SMITH
1170 Commonwealth Ave.
Tel. 11-1115

Apartment—Medford
1340 Commonwealth Ave.
WALTER L. SMITH
1170 Commonwealth Ave.
Tel. 11-1115

Apartment—Melrose
1340 Commonwealth Ave.
WALTER L. SMITH
1170 Commonwealth Ave.
Tel. 11-1115

Apartment—South Boston
1340 Commonwealth Ave.
WALTER L. SMITH
1170 Commonwealth Ave.
Tel. 11-1115

ESTELLE SWEDER
LIT.

FRANCES LYNDE
MALDEN.

ETHEL WATERS

ROSE EASTMAN

Here Is the Contest Plan:

VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE
A contest will be prize money every day in the Daily and Sunday Americans; the Daily goal for ONE (1) vote and the Sunday goal for good for TEN (10) votes. The eleven (11) members of the State (three and five actors) who receive the largest number of votes will be chosen to lead the Double Sextette Grand March with Governor William E. Miller, Jr. The 11 voters who submit the largest number of votes will be selected. The 11 voters will have a special reserved box section at the ball, receive autographed photographs of their ball and go to and from the ball in limousines.
The next six voters EACH get invitations to the Ball and TWO receive autographed photographs. Each get ONE invitation to the ball.
In the event of ties, similar awards will be given.
No subscriptions will be accepted for the contest.
This is a straight coupon voting contest only.
The contest started Sunday, Oct. 10, 1943, and ends Sunday, Nov. 19, 1943. The contest ends on the 10th day of the month.
The vote coupon appears on the 10th day of the month.

121 Voters in This List of Movie Fans Will Go to the Annual Movie Ball as Honored Guests

A Committee of Judges, widely known for their station and ability, will decide which titles are most fitting and appropriate after full examination of all submitted judgments and skill only will be decisive.

No Titles Need Be Sent in Before 10 P. M., Monday, Nov. 8

This is Picture No. 27
Sunday, Oct. 31, 1915

Each day, for 28 consecutive days, a p

Each day, for 28 consecutive days, a picture will be printed in the Daily and Saturday American, first picture Tuesday, (Oct. 15). Contestants must supply each picture with a title, using the title of a Movie Picture that shall be most fitting and appropriate, describing it most completely or fitting it most perfectly. The one supplying the greatest number of such "most fitting and appropriate" titles shall earn the first award; the one supplying the next greatest number shall earn the second award, etc.

There shall be no book of titles to be used. An official List of Movie Picture Titles shall appear, the first list appearing with the first published picture, and then each week in the Sunday American during the contest. This list will be the standard by which contestants to use in selecting the titles for the pictures appearing during the contest, each week beginning with each Sunday Circular List Publication, and all titles selected for that week's pictures must be among those in and selected from this list.

First Award.....\$5

First Award.....	\$500.00
Second Award.....	\$250.00
Third Award.....	\$100.00
Fourth Award.....	\$50.00
Fifth Award.....	\$25.00
Sixth Award.....	\$10.00
7th to 29th Awards.....	\$5.00 ea.

Total \$1,000

Rules of the Contest

1. The Boston American presents a Movie Picture Contest, which is a test of education, thought, skill and judgment.
2. The cash awards, \$9 in number, will be to the value of \$1,000.
3. Any resident of New England may compete except the employees of the Boston American, its relatives and friends, and those of the committee of judges and their immediate families.
4. It costs nothing to enter the contest.
5. Each day, for 28 consecutive days, a picture will be printed in the Daily and Sunday American. Opened at five o'clock each evening, the picture shall be one that shall be most fitting and appropriate, describing it most completely, or titling it most perfectly. The one supplying the greatest number of such "most fitting and appropriate" titles shall earn the first award; the one supplying the next greatest number of such titles shall earn the second award, and so on.
6. The winners will be decided by a committee of three Judges, who will be well-known persons of recognized ability and character. In the contest, there will be no prize for each title on its merits.
7. No contestant can submit more than five titles to each picture.
8. No titles will be adjudged as "most appropriate" until after the close of the contest. The "most fitting and appropriate" titles will be determined by the judges from among all the titles submitted by all contestants. All titles are to be judged on their own merits, and no consideration will be given to the fact that some titles are regarded by others as the "most fitting and appropriate," their adjudication will be so considered on all points. For example, if one person submits ten titles, and another person submits two titles, these ten titles must be judged on their own merits, and not on the basis of the fact that they are more than twice as many as the other's. Titles submitted are equally "most fitting and appropriate" to any picture and superior to all others submitted, and the person submitting them will receive the same amount of money as the person submitting the best titles, the one who submits the least total number of titles, including those "most fitting and appropriate" and others, will earn the appropriate award. If there should still be a tie, the award shall be determined by the judges' choice.
9. No person can win more than one award, and not more than one award will be awarded in any one family, household, or to persons residing at the same address. The names of contestants must be Bostonians, married or single, male or female, of legal age, and of good reputation. Family names or surnames of contestants must be given, and the full name of the person submitting the titles. Family names or surnames of contestants must be given, and the full name of the person submitting the titles. Family names or surnames of contestants must be given, and the full name of the person submitting the titles. Collusion will bar contestants.
10. There will be a book of titles to buy. An official list of movie picture titles will appear, the first list appearing with the first published picture, and then, each week, in the Sunday American, during the contest. This list will be the standard for contestants. The official list will be published during the contest, and will contain all the titles selected for publication, and all titles selected for that week's competition will be among those in and selected from this list. It is not necessary to buy the Boston American to obtain this official list.
11. Titles may be sent in on a coupon which will be printed in the American, Daily and Sunday, or a copy of it. Each title must be attached to a picture or a copy of it. A picture (or a copy of it) must accompany each title.
12. Contestants must NOT send in their titles before the contest ends. Titles sent in before the last picture printed will not be considered. Keep them from day to day and at the end of the contest arrange them in numerical order.
13. All titles must be directed to the Boston American Contest Headquarters at No. 5 Winthrop Square, Boston, Mass., within the specified time limit, which will be announced later. The Boston American cannot accept titles received after the specified time limit. Titles received after the specified time limit will be returned by first class registered mail. The Boston American will refuse titles on which postal charges are not prepaid.
14. As the awards will depend on the conscientious decision of the committee of judges, who will be prominent persons of known ability and character, the contest is not a matter of judgment as they would if deciding on the best story or poem in a literary contest, their decision will be final.
15. Entering the contest is an acceptance of all rules now or hereafter to be made by the Boston American.

New England women are reputed far and wide to be the best cooks in the world.

And they are invited to share their knowledge with others in the columns of the Boston Sunday AMERICAN.

Every New England housewife has some particular choice recipe for making a pudding or a preserve or a concoction of some variety or other.

Why not let others know how to make these things and thereby spread the art of good cooking.
Send your recipes to the Home Page Editor, Boston Sunday AMERICAN, No. 80 Summer street, Boston

Indian Curry—A pound round of beef, 1 cupful butter, 1 lb. tamarind pulp, 1 lb. raisins, 1 lb. milk or stock, 3 cupfuls finely chopped onion, 1 cupful finely minced garlic, 1 cupful finely minced ginger, 1/2 cupful finely minced turmeric, 1/2 cupful finely minced saffron, 1/2 cupful finely minced brown, rotten and salted. Add to the butter in the pan and fry for 10 minutes. Add the milk; turn in the meat, which has been cut in small cubes, and add milk or stock. Bake slowly for 2 hours. Stir frequently. When the meat is thoroughly cooked, add the saffron and turmeric. Simmer for 10 minutes, cover for five minutes to be sure the meat is thoroughly boiled rice. More curry may be

[illegible]

per. Fry the fish in deep, broofproof
platter, if possible; season with salt
and pepper, dredge with flour,
sprinkle with the parley, and dot
with the butter.
To serve, lay on a platter, and, if desired,
lay over some sliced onion and a
few minced celery-tips. Bake gently
for forty-five minutes in a med-

MRS. GEO. H. MUNNEMAN.
Cambridge.

Take 1 cupful of 3 cupfuls dried, soaked, cooked potatoes, 2 cupfuls hard-cooked eggs, 1 cupful chopped peanuts, 2 cupfuls cornmeal, 1 cupful butter, 1½ cupful milk, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1½ cupful white sauce of the butter, corn, seasonings and milk. Add the cornmeal, salt and milk, and mix thoroughly. Chop and stir in the peanuts just before cooking.

OF RAND BECKETT.

Cinnamon Toast.—Stirring stale bread, butter, 1 teaspoonful ground cinnamon, 1 cupful milk, 1 cupful sugar. Mix together the cinnamon and milk, and brush over the bread.

Drain the liquor from the salmon in the fish, and mix with 1 cupful milk, 1 cupful butter, 1 cupful fish from bones and skin, and add to the liquor. Let it simmer slowly for 15 minutes, and then the fish may become too dry, a little water may be added. Mix the fish with 1 cupful flour, stir in the milk, and when it has thickened, combine with the milk and butter. Season with salt and pepper, and season with cayenne and lemon juice. Serve with rice, and lettuce to taste. Add the pickles and relishes. The fish may be broiled, iron, stir in the dressing, transfer to a platter, garnish with lettuce, cranberries, cover with the crumbs mixed with the tops of the milk, and wash with water, and brown in the oven.

Roll out one-fourth inch thick, trim off crusts, and toast quickly so that it will be sark in the middle. Soothe lavishly, shake the cinnamon-mixture over, put together in pairs and cut in triangles. Place in a hot oven for a minute or two and serve on a folded napkin on a

Moche Tort—3 eggs separated, 4 cupful confectiouners' sugar, 4 cupfuls cream, 1/2 cupful milk, 1/2 cupful baking-powder, 2 teaspoonful coffee-extract, 1 teaspoonful vanilla.

Beat yolks till very light and then add sugar, beating a little at a time. Add extracts. Beat whites till stiff, add remaining sugar, beating a little at a time. Fold together with the potato-starch and baking powder. Bake in two layers, in a very shallow oven, about thirty minutes. Serve with French filling and cover with cream.

whipped cream sweetens and is flavored with coffee extract.

NORMA LOCKLIN.

French Filling:—1 tablespoon cream, 1 teaspoonful vanilla, about 14 cups confectioner's sugar, 2 tablespoons butter.

Beat the butter to a cream, add the vanilla and, alternately, the

cream and confectioner's sugar to make a smooth paste thick enough to spread. Do not put on while the cake is hot, as it will melt.

NORMA LOCKLIN

Italian Tallerines.—3 cups butter, brown gravy or sauce, 3 cups dried cooked beef, 6 medium-sized onions, diced and browned, noodles.

often to prevent them from becoming mushy. Remove carefully, taste the soup, and put a sprig of mint in the hole of each apple. By the time they are done, the syrup should be ready to jelly if not, add a few drops rapidly, and then pour over the apples. Here hot or cold with roast lamb or pork, or with cream.

MRS. M. T. FANNER
Frozen Pineapple Pudding—1 can sliced pineapple, 4 eggs, 5 tablespoons granulated sugar, 1 pint heavy cream.
Out of one can of Hawaiian pine

LLBIE KNAUER POE.
New Vegetable Roast Dressing—
6 large carrots, 1 egg, 1 teaspoonful
salt, 6 common crackers, 1/2 cupful
butter or drippings, 1/2 teaspoonful
seasoning, excepting 3 onions.

Put carrots and onions through the fine knife of the food-chopper, break the crackers in a mixing-bowl and add as much boiling water as they all absorb. Add remaining ingredients, mix thoroughly and pack around any meat meat. The

dressing should cook at least one
 and a half hours and may be added
 either before or after the meat has
 browned. **MRS. M. M. ALDEN**
 Cream-Oranges Sherbet—3 cups
 water, 3 cups sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup
 lemon juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful orange juice,
 maraschino cherries
MRS. M. GREGSON
 Date Kisses—2 egg-whites, 1
 cupful powdered sugar, 1 cupful
 broken walnut meats, 1 cupful
 chopped dates
 Beat egg-whites stiff, add other

[illegible]

Earn Your Share of the \$1000 Cash

Clip the Big 10-Vote Coupon on Page 2

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BABIES OF GREATER BOSTON



All of these babies were contestants in the baby show at the Country Fair. Above is a group of prize winners. From left to right: Helen O'Connor of Cambridge, Helen Louise Bowley of Cliffdale, Catherine Tillman of Winthrop, Robert Kershaw of Groveland, Ellen McCarty of Revere and Florian Wagner of Cambridge.



From left to right: Helen Louise Bowley of Cliffdale, Ellen McCarty of Revere and Robert Kershaw of Groveland.



Helen O'Connor, the winner of the first prize. This little beauty is twenty-seven months old and lives at No. 41 Fenwick street, Cambridge.



From left to right: Florence Henrietta Carey of Cambridge, Ella R. James of Chelsea, Florian Wagner of Cambridge, Catherine Tillman of Winthrop, Elizabeth Napier of West Somerville, Thomas Drumsey of West Somerville, Mary E. Avery of Boston, Beatrice Galeasboro of Roxbury and Francis Goosyp, a Chelsea baby, and her mother, Mrs. Edwin Goosyp, of Roxbury.

"THROW IN A CHINAMAN"



If There Was a Hole in the Irrigation Ditch, No Sand Bags or Sods at Hand, the Foreman Would Say, "Throw in a Chinaman." Here You See the Chinaman Filling Up the Break In the Irrigation Ditch, Not Enjoying Himself Much, While Others Fill the Hole Permanently. If You See Anything Cruel About This, What Do You Think of the "Holes" That Are Being Filled In Europe?

PECIALLY IF WRITTEN, is of more value to the brain than a thousand thoughts of others.]

This picture strikes you as cruel. But it is not so very bad. The water is a little cold coming down from the mountain, perhaps, and the Chinese coolie is not pleased with his situation.

But if we think it cruel to "Throw in a Chinaman," to place a human being in this position—what are we to think about the happenings in Europe?

If we think it cruel to throw one Chinese into a hole out of which he will come alive, and not much the worse, what do you think about throwing millions upon millions of men into graves, as is done now in Europe?

Think of that "European hole," that horrible pit into which bloodthirsty war, man's brutality, stupidity and cupidity have thrown in one year millions of human lives, and FIFTY THOUSAND MILLIONS of wasted dollars.

This picture makes us think how little capacity for BIG thought there is in us. We can think with real sympathy and keen realization of this ONE poor Chinese thrown into the hole.

But our minds are powerless to grasp the horror of the conflict that throws millions into the hole in Europe, and throws what we are pleased to call civilization back into the dark ages.

In this picture there are also thoughts apart from war. For instance, make your boy or girl observe how this Chinese is holding his pigtail clear of the water. His

right arm will be very tired before they take him out. But he will continue to hold aloft that cherished pigtail to the very end.

It is the one part of his body that might remain in the water indefinitely without hurting him—or with considerable benefit be cut off.

But it is also the one thing that he holds precious above all others. That queue, neatly braided, despised by the Caucasian workers, pulled by little boys that tease him, utterly useless and disgusting, is to him the most cherished object in the world.

"Poor ignorant heathen," you say, but every one of us is holding up some kind of a precious pigtail, wasting energy and worry on that which is not worth it. The difficult thing is to identify the particular pigtail that occupies each of us—that is not so easy.

Sometimes some of us have a pigtail that is called personal vanity. Money represents labor and therefore it is strength. Many men exhaust the money that their strength has produced in the effort to hold their pigtail of personal vanity, show and pretense high in the air.

Spending what they can't afford, feeling that they must do what others do, exhausting themselves when they might be saving themselves—that is their foolish pig-tail conduct.

If you saw this Chinese sitting in the hole in the ditch, you might say to him, "At least, let go that pigtail; put your hand down and rest comfortably."

He would say, "I may be foolish about my pigtail, but I am not foolish about my savings. And I will enjoy my old age

comfortably in China with money to spare, while the so-called higher type on the bank who despises me will be wandering toward the poorhouse."

Life is a sort of ditch, which ought to carry good resolutions safely from the age of reason to the edge of the grave.

A little delay, a little irresolution, and this irrigation ditch would have been ruined.

The foreman says quickly, "Throw in a Chinaman." It is done instantly, and the situation is saved.

Life is a sort of ditch, which ought to carry good resolutions safely from the age of reason to the edge of the grave.

In that ditch holes very often appear, and they very often get very big and let the water of good resolve all run out. You may have known such things to happen.

When a hole appears in your good resolutions, you cannot "throw in a Chinaman," but you CAN throw in an effort of the will—and it will block up the hole as well as any Chinaman could block up a hole in a ditch carrying water.

The great thing is to see the hole, know what it means, AND IMMEDIATELY STOP IT.

There probably never was an irrigation ditch dug that did not have one or more holes in it. Managers were not to blame for that. But they would have been to blame if they hadn't stopped the hole.

Very few good resolutions have been made, very few good careers have been lived without holes here and there. The fortunate and the wise have been those that have known enough to see the

danger, to realize it and STOP THE HOLE.

You might say to your boy, "When you are asked to do what you ought not to do, when you are tempted to go in the wrong direction, say to yourself, 'This is the place for me to "throw in a Chinaman." I have got to stuff up this hole now, or it will get too big.'"

The great and difficult job of every one of us is to keep his "irrigation ditch" in repair, keep OUT the holes, keep in the good resolutions, the good character, the current of good thought that gives life to us, as water gives life to the field.

To keep our own character intact is hard work—much harder than taking care of the longest irrigation ditch that ever stretched across a thirsty desert.

But if self control is hard work, it is also work worth while.

The human race has improved BECAUSE MEN HAVE EXERCISED THEIR WILL POWER TO OVERCOME ANIMAL INSTINCTS. More than anything else in the world has been done by that WILL POWER.

All of us together are responsible for the human race and its progress toward civilization.

Each of us is responsible for just one thing, and that is HIMSELF. Great islands stand above the waters of the ocean, beautiful in the sunlight, because EACH ONE of the tiny creatures that never saw the sun did its part toward building up the coral island.

Each of us is a tiny creature building up the future of the human race, the future of this island, our planet in the ocean of ether.

Our race one day will see the real sunlight, real civilization, real brotherhood. We as individuals shall not see it, but each of us ought to be proud, after falling and rising, struggling, trying, to do his share in the slow, tedious work.

There is no more inspiring text than this:

"He that ruleth his spirit (is better), than he that taketh a city."



HE picture on this page was suggested by John Brisson Walker.

In the early days of irrigation the work of bringing water through a ditch to the dry land, giving fertility and wealth, was not understood as it is now.

Across the flat land the water would come through earth banked up on both sides.

Occasionally the inspector would find water trickling through a small hole in the bank of earth. It might be a hole made by a gopher or some other small animal. The important thing was to close up the hole AT ONCE. Every minute that the water trickled through the hole became bigger. Unless it could be stopped temporarily promptly, while waiting for a permanent stoppage, the whole bank would go and the precious water be lost.

Then it was that the foreman would say, "Throw in a Chinaman." And one of the patient Chinese coolies, wildly protesting, would be put in to stop up the hole.

He would literally sit in the hole and keep it closed while others went for bags full of sand, dirt or some other substitute to take the Chinaman's place while the damage was repaired.

Here sits the Chinaman, up to his neck in the water, and there he may sit for a long time, while others work and at last permit him to get out.

[Before you read any farther, remember that the most important work a man can do is to PRACTISE THINKING.]

[This is a picture that suggests thought. If you have young boys or girls in your family it would be a good idea to show them this picture, tell them briefly the story of the Chinaman, and then ask them to say, or, better, to write, what thoughts the picture suggests TO THEM.]

[One thought born in your own brain, properly elaborated and expressed, ES-

Year	Country	Population (millions)	Year	Country	Population (millions)	Year	Country	Population (millions)	Year	Country	Population (millions)	Year	Country	Population (millions)	Year	Country	Population (millions)	Year	Country	Population (millions)			
1990	USA	248.7	1990	USSR	286.7	1990	China	1157.3	1990	India	853.7	1990	Japan	123.0	1990	Germany	61.0	1990	France	59.0	1990	UK	56.0
2000	USA	268.2	2000	USSR	286.7	2000	China	1210.6	2000	India	986.6	2000	Japan	126.8	2000	Germany	82.0	2000	France	61.0	2000	UK	56.0
2010	USA	296.3	2010	USSR	286.7	2010	China	1369.9	2010	India	1193.3	2010	Japan	127.8	2010	Germany	82.0	2010	France	64.0	2010	UK	56.0
2020	USA	314.4	2020	USSR	286.7	2020	China	1458.2	2020	India	1386.6	2020	Japan	124.8	2020	Germany	72.0	2020	France	64.0	2020	UK	56.0

*READ a Story Here Every Sunday---Then SEE It Portrayed in Motion
Pictures by the Pathe Players, Directed by Leo Wharton and Headed
by Burr McIntosh, Max Figman and Lolita Robertson*

Adventure No. 5---"The Lilac Splash"

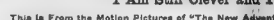
Adapted for Pathe Motion Pictures by
CHARLES W. GODDARD
 Author of "The Perils of Pauline," "The Misleading Lady" Etc.

the table, opened the drawer from which Blackie had extracted the house money, passed around for a little memorandum book, tore on a leaf and tossed it over to the worker of the night. "Do you suppose you could jot as this gentleman's private papers?"

Shirley Tucker picked up the piece of paper and looked at it. It contained the home address of Monsieur Perligard!

CHAPTER IV.
A Dinner for Monsieur.

MONSIEUR Perligard was deeply regretful that the beautiful Miss Warden's latest creation had been so extensively copied. It is because Mademoiselle is so striking so attractive! he suavely explained. "These clever American manufacturers have

[illegible]

A black and white photograph of four people in costumes standing on a sidewalk. From left to right: a woman in a dark dress and wide-brimmed hat, a woman in a striped dress and hat, a man in a suit and hat, and a woman in a striped dress and hat holding a cane.

The Girls Saw "Lilac Splashes" at Every Turn

Previous Sundays in Wonderful Pathe Motion Pictures. A List of the Theatres Where the "Wallingford" Pictures Are Being Shown is Given on Another Page of This Paper.

Next Sunday Another Wallingford Adventure — "A Trap for Trapp." And Don't Forget That You Can See To-day's Adventure and Those of Previous Sundays in Wonderful Pathe Motion Pictures. A List of the Theatres Where the Wallingford Pictures Are Being Shown Is Given on Another Page of This Paper.

PERSONAL Gossip NEWS of the SOCIETY SET NOTABLE COMING EVENTS

DOWAGER WRITES OF DRESS, ITS WEARING AND ITS WEARERS

Finds Her Text in Boston's Triple Entente of Femininity Now Ruling at Hot Springs.

By THE DOWAGER.

A triple entente of Boston femininity—Miss Marion Penno, Miss Eleanor Sears and Miss Katherine Fennell assisted Hot Springs for the autumn season. Late dispatches announce that they were irretrievably engaged to the Hot Springs Hotel. The other night at a Hot Springs ball dance Miss Penno arrived at the hotel for her first dance. Her dress was a simple affair of black tulle and black ribbon. She wore a large black moiré turban. A silver bracelet was the only touch of color and this made a violent contrast as the black dress was so simple. A good deal of fresh lace was used on the turban and the dress was a beautiful human mosaic.

My and Mrs. Samuel P. Mandell, who are known to the younger set as the hosts of the "Mandell" party, are giving the Hot Springs ball dance at the Hotel. The party is to be given at the Hotel. The party is to be given at the Hotel.

Next week will be the last of the season. The party is to be given at the Hotel. The party is to be given at the Hotel.

It is to be the last of the season. The party is to be given at the Hotel. The party is to be given at the Hotel.

It is to be the last of the season. The party is to be given at the Hotel. The party is to be given at the Hotel.

It is to be the last of the season. The party is to be given at the Hotel. The party is to be given at the Hotel.

It is to be the last of the season. The party is to be given at the Hotel. The party is to be given at the Hotel.

It is to be the last of the season. The party is to be given at the Hotel. The party is to be given at the Hotel.

It is to be the last of the season. The party is to be given at the Hotel. The party is to be given at the Hotel.

It is to be the last of the season. The party is to be given at the Hotel. The party is to be given at the Hotel.

It is to be the last of the season. The party is to be given at the Hotel. The party is to be given at the Hotel.

It is to be the last of the season. The party is to be given at the Hotel. The party is to be given at the Hotel.

It is to be the last of the season. The party is to be given at the Hotel. The party is to be given at the Hotel.

Sewing Circle Treasurer, One of the Season's Most Interesting Buds, Makes an Early Debut



Portrait of Miss Hannah B. Fiske.

MISS HANNAH B. FISKE. PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMIESON. A NOVEMBER date has been set for the debut of Miss Hannah B. Fiske, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Fiske of No. 216, Commonwealth avenue.

She is an exceedingly attractive girl. The coming out party will occur shortly after the mid-November return of the Fiskes from their summer estate at Weston.

Mrs. William G. Farlow, wife of Professor Farlow of No. 24 Quincy street, Cambridge, Miss Fiske's aunt, also has arranged for an early debutante dinner-dance at the Copple-Plaza in honor of the debutante.

Altogether, Miss Fiske will prove one of the most interesting of the Winter's buds. Her unusual attractiveness and her cleverness in outdoor athletic make her widely popular.

Miss Lena Ware and her sister, Miss Marion Ware, who were honor guests at a Halloween party given Friday evening by Mrs. Henry Ware at the Copple-Plaza in Brookline.

Many Affairs 1914 Sewing Circle Girl Engaged

Among her more debuts were Mrs. John Henry Morgan, Jr.

Among her more debuts were Mrs. John Henry Morgan, Jr.

Among her more debuts were Mrs. John Henry Morgan, Jr.

Among her more debuts were Mrs. John Henry Morgan, Jr.

Among her more debuts were Mrs. John Henry Morgan, Jr.

Among her more debuts were Mrs. John Henry Morgan, Jr.

Among her more debuts were Mrs. John Henry Morgan, Jr.

Among her more debuts were Mrs. John Henry Morgan, Jr.

Among her more debuts were Mrs. John Henry Morgan, Jr.

Among her more debuts were Mrs. John Henry Morgan, Jr.

Among her more debuts were Mrs. John Henry Morgan, Jr.

Among her more debuts were Mrs. John Henry Morgan, Jr.

Among her more debuts were Mrs. John Henry Morgan, Jr.

Among her more debuts were Mrs. John Henry Morgan, Jr.

Among her more debuts were Mrs. John Henry Morgan, Jr.

Among her more debuts were Mrs. John Henry Morgan, Jr.

Among her more debuts were Mrs. John Henry Morgan, Jr.

Among her more debuts were Mrs. John Henry Morgan, Jr.

Among her more debuts were Mrs. John Henry Morgan, Jr.

Among her more debuts were Mrs. John Henry Morgan, Jr.

Among her more debuts were Mrs. John Henry Morgan, Jr.

Among her more debuts were Mrs. John Henry Morgan, Jr.

Among her more debuts were Mrs. John Henry Morgan, Jr.

Among her more debuts were Mrs. John Henry Morgan, Jr.

Among her more debuts were Mrs. John Henry Morgan, Jr.

Among her more debuts were Mrs. John Henry Morgan, Jr.

Among her more debuts were Mrs. John Henry Morgan, Jr.

Among her more debuts were Mrs. John Henry Morgan, Jr.

Among her more debuts were Mrs. John Henry Morgan, Jr.

How to Make the Quickest Simpler Cough Remedy

Quick Better than the Best. See How and You See It.

This is a new and simple remedy for coughs and colds. It is made of simple ingredients and is easy to use.

Superfluous Hair Do Only DeMiracle

To remove it. Remember, it is the original hair remover. It is the only one that is safe and effective.

FIFTY CENT BOTTLE

DANDRUFF MAKES HAIR FALL OUT

25 cent bottle of "Dandruff" keeps hair strong.

Girls! Use this Dandruff beauty of your hair in few minutes.



A little Dandruff makes your hair beautiful. It is the only one that is safe and effective.

Use Dandruff every day. It will make your hair shine and keep it from falling out.

It is the only hair remover that is safe and effective. It is the only one that is safe and effective.

Use Dandruff every day. It will make your hair shine and keep it from falling out.

It is the only hair remover that is safe and effective. It is the only one that is safe and effective.

Use Dandruff every day. It will make your hair shine and keep it from falling out.

It is the only hair remover that is safe and effective. It is the only one that is safe and effective.

Use Dandruff every day. It will make your hair shine and keep it from falling out.

It is the only hair remover that is safe and effective. It is the only one that is safe and effective.

Bride and Bud in Cording Family.

Mrs. and Mrs. William Robert Cording of Chestnut Hill have the distinction of being the parents this fall of a bride and a prospective debutante. Their daughter, Margaret, became Mrs. George Fennell Quackenbush, wife of a New Yorker, yesterday at an afternoon wedding function. Miss Fennell Cording, their other daughter, will be presented this season.

At the Church of the Holy Trinity, New York, Wednesday November 3, Miss Fennell Cording, daughter of the Hon. Henry Cording, was married to George Fennell Quackenbush, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Robert Cording.

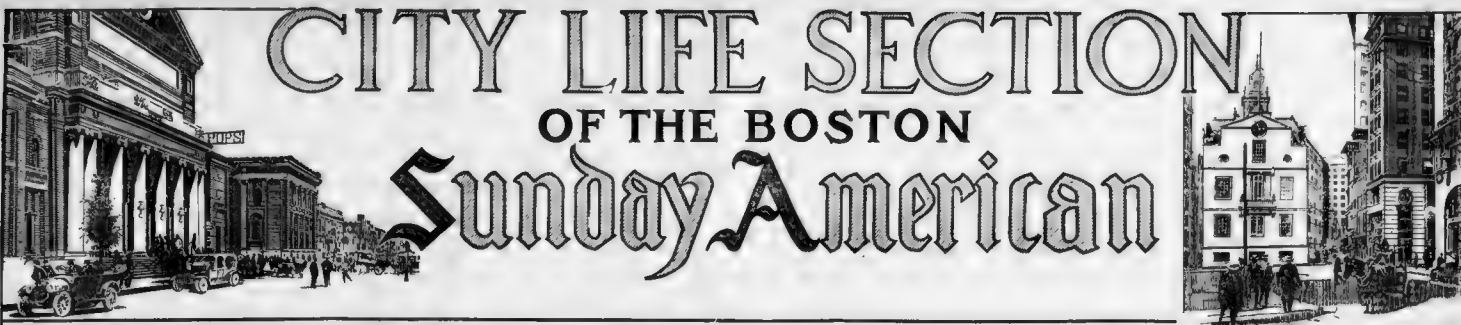
Debutante to Serve as a Bridesmaid

At the Church of the Holy Trinity, New York, Wednesday November 3, Miss Fennell Cording, daughter of the Hon. Henry Cording, was married to George Fennell Quackenbush, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Robert Cording.

Music Lovers' Club to Inaugurate Season.

Tomorrow morning the Music Lovers' Club, Mrs. Edith Rowland, will inaugurate their season at a Halloween party given Friday evening by Mrs. Henry Ware at the Copple-Plaza in Brookline.

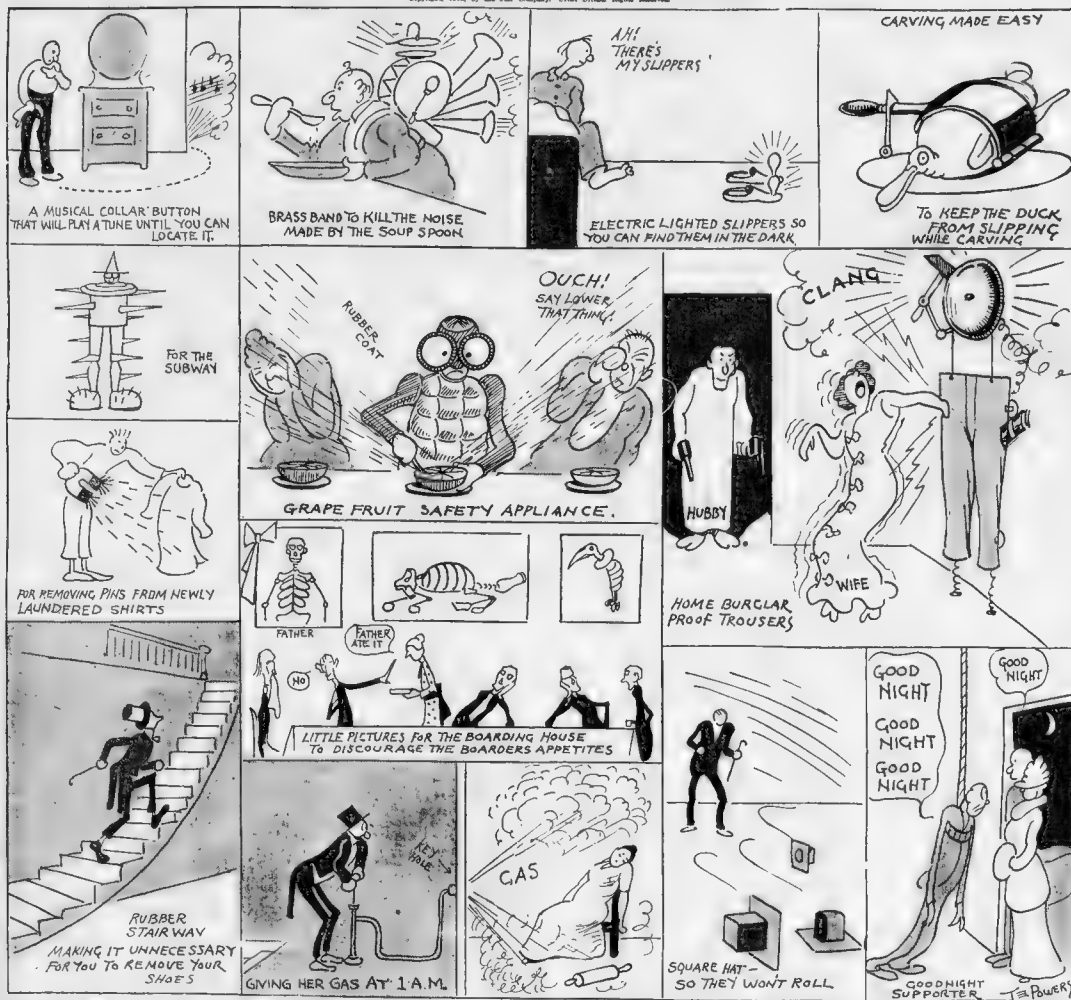
Miss Lena Ware and her sister, Miss Marion Ware, who were honor guests at a Halloween party given Friday evening by Mrs. Henry Ware at the Copple-Plaza in Brookline.



The Modern Tendency Toward Efficiency

By T. E. POWERS, the Famous Cartoonist

Copyright, 1915, by the Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.



Coming East

All Bull and a Yard Wide

By Willard Connelly

Copyright, 1915, by the Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

The broke is human, to borrow money divine. But to have to wait from Saturday till Monday for it is outrageous, especially when it's right in front of you, and the telephone office won't come through on account of Sunday. In Kansas City the telephone people can't see what a guy wants money for on Sunday, because the stock yards are closed. But we don't come here to buy cattle. We've already had enough him sters in this, our young life.

In a countless Sunday, the thing to do, in any large city, is to loaf it for a popular park and mingle with the multitude. In case of Kansas City, Swope Park is the proper caper. Swope is Swedish for soap, and they say the park was named after a man who washed wealthy selling suits.

The most delicious thing about Swope Park was that the pastures was open to the public. Nobody kept off the grass, and the sidewalks were so poorly patented that weeds ran riot in the cracks between the stones. Although people don't use axes, all all low to browse around on it, and three point shells at random and at passersby.

We felt at home, for there was much to remind us of dear old Bronx Park itself. The Bronx, of course, can be best seen from its cocktail side, but the part of it that presents interesting studies in human gaul. Now Swope Park is fully as international. Same families of twelve mumble evening lunch, same dozen languages being chattered at in the Palma spread, same kids blowing up paper bags and bursting them on other kids' faces, same merry-go-round with one "tune," same sour old black bear squeezing his head and refusing to eat the tempting foil and cardboard tossed him when the keeper isn't looking.

On Sunday, all the world is a park. The following morning was across early, but not so very bright. After producing nine varieties of identification and threatening to sue the company if they didn't give up, so we could go get a mope coffee and a bite to eat, we won success. And snatched it from us, getting money by telephone is as easy as getting it from Harry Lauder.

So we hied our bulk to the stockyards, for it's there that we would be, to get a crib of the origin of our stock and clops. En route we could hardly realize that we weren't near New York, so much did the town resemble Jersey City. Nice cobblestone streets, hundreds of cluttering drays, tired-looking gray frame houses, bridges over murky railroad parks, and cars being shifted and shifted and shifted.

With a jolt and a grind the car stopped before a brick building of nine stores, square and massive. We were told it was the Live Stock Exchange. We anticipated wandering through it with special interest, having left New York in March obsessed with an eminently dead Stock Exchange.

We were "waked" into this building and sought out the office of the main bull. It was planned inside, just like a big schoolhouse, the one room on the ground floor were blackboards full of quotations, and drovers, repedient in their curdure and black-brimmed hats, were sitting on benches studying the chalk marks. The president of the Exchange loomed up his conveyance for an hour, and we led us around the corner. If those who dabble in Wall Street could get a look at the actual manufacturing end of a great many of the corporations whose stock they take there on, there wouldn't be so many lambs to appease the hunger of the bulls and bears.

We saw a flock of goats. They came under the head of lamb, the grey explained, and in one month this year 130,000 got by. So when you ask the butcher for lamb, you may get your goat any time. But what's this and? If you ever go to the North Pole you'll be lucky to get fried dog, and on the ocean salt horse is delicatessen.

Before revolving to go through a parking house we called all our nerves together and gave them a quiet little talk. They were nervous and kicking over the traces at the idea, but we insisted that they form in line, and march in squares, orderly, up and down our system, to tide us over the ordeal.

First we saw the lard being drawn off into tubs, from a spigot which seemed to have been turned off. Nearby, the butchery boys were pressing rubes of that famous "as good as" product and stacking them up for the refrigerator cars. Butchery is best tallow, cottonseed oil and actual butter, in equal parts. There's now, go ahead and make it. (All housewives kindly mail in their thanks for this secret of cutting down the grocery bill.)

The mills of the packers grind swiftly, but they grind exceedingly small, for in a vast, sky-lighted auditorium around which we waded on a narrow iron path near the ceiling, we saw steers being systematically divided into sides, hide, tallow, fertilizer, horns, heads, sinews and tail. The sight wasn't bad, so wonderfully methodical was every detail. One bang on the forehead with a sledge and the steer didn't give a whoop. Many men die less easy than that.

Every worker in this big room had his own particular little job to water, and got away with, in a space of time reckoned in seconds. Yet they all stood over their work calmly, taking their time. It wasn't five minutes from the time a pig was stuck until he was put through a series of tubes and dressing tables, and made ready for shipping.

Steep were being carried slowly on an overhead wire as each dresser stood by and did his little bit toward transforming each carcass into mutton, and he'd have to jump or mutton that came by. No dresser dared slow up on his work, for the wire kept moving, and sleep would pile up on him. Ford uses the same system in his "auto" factory. No doubt he visited the packing houses and picked the idea. At the fair, when we watched the assembling of Ford's cars were attached to a horizontal moving chain, and each workman had a certain bunch of time to screw out the chassis in a given time. If he couldn't do it, the car got by him, and he'd have to kindly get off the job.

The secretary, whose time we were cutting in on terribly, gave us a little book of knowledge, containing all the dope on the cattle question as far as Kansas City concerned. We read that 254 cars of livestock come in here the Saturday every day, exclusive of the human freight, but that enough to make a vegetarian sore?

And pluck it from us, Kansas City has a vegetarian, oh, like the very best. The feeling is, considerably, just as one fighting cock to another.

At the military station, just before leaving the Kansas City, we paused a moment to attend to the cattle question. There were muzzles on the walls of the barber, but all the hair was shaved except the ears. Kansas City does everything possible to discourage vanity, so when we emerged from the children of the blacksmith who shaved our heads, we strode over to a mirror and found that our foreman resembled Ligeia after the Germans had done with it.

Our Bureau of Misinformation

Copyright, 1915, by the Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

DEAR SIR and Editor—I am a married man—
Never mind. We are tired of these hard-luck stories.—Ed.

Sir, Enquire, Question Editor—Please to tell me, a foreigner who struggles to comprehend your language, what is a neuter gender?—ALPHONSO
Sorry, Alphons, but neuter gender has sort of gone out since the war started.—Ed.

555555—To settle a bet, what's the biggest novelty in the store (line day)—P. W.
The biggest novelty in any shop is a woman who comes in, picks out what she wants at a glance, buys it and walks out.—Ed.

Misinformation Department: Sir—Is it all right to use rouge on your cheeks? Why does my husband object?—MAE
It certainly is not all right to use rouge on my cheeks, if that is what you mean. If you mean your cheeks—well, that's different. Your

husband probably objects for two reasons—he hasn't learned how useless it is to object to anything a wife does, and he certainly knows that old saying, "that no matter how good a woman may be, if she paints she looks like a painted woman."—Ed.

Misinformation Section—If you were cast away on a desert island, what would you say and do?—ROBBINS N. CARUSO
We would say everything we could think of. As to what we would do, we would probably wait around a while until rescued.—Ed.

My Dear Editor—If you were going to buy an automobile today, what sort of a one would you get?—UNDECEIVED
We would get one at the five-and-ten-cent store if we had to buy it today—or any other day.—Ed.

Mr. Misinformation Editor—Why is it that all music is marked "Ferdinand" and "Piano" and "A Tempo" and "Crescendo," instead of "Loud," "Soft," "In Time" and "Increase"?—MEL ODER

Very simple, Mel—very simple. If the music publishers didn't use such foreign playing directions the music teachers would be cheated. They now get from \$3 to \$10 an hour for teaching the meaning of these words. If they were in plain English they would lose that much. And, of course, the ultimate consumer has to pay the biggest price.—Ed.

Mr. Misinformation Editor—I have written a beautiful novel all about a very religious young man who refuses to marry a very beautiful and wealthy girl because she smokes cigarettes. What would you advise me to call it?—PERKIN SKRIBBLE
"For the Love of Heaven" seems an appropriate title.—Ed.

Sir—The maximum speed of a twenty-eight pound projectile is 18,527 feet per second on a clear day. In a rainstorm the falling drops retard the movement 1,280,000,000 of an inch every eleven feet. How long would it take for such a projectile to travel a mile and a half on a cloudy day?—A. 55555
Did you notice, what a cool Fall we seem to be having?—Ed.

Majestic Theatre.

Tomorrow night a new film, said to be the most sensational in its class, and most elaborate in its environment of every art offered, will have its initial production at the Majestic Theatre. This is the new picture feature, "The Battle Cry of Peace."

A production has already been sent to Chicago and is displaying New York. The picture was written by J. Stuart Blackton of the Vitaphone Company and was directed by William S. Hart.

"The Battle Cry of Peace" makes an appeal to the interest in the situation and in the situation in the world who are interested in the situation. It is not intended as an indictment of military glory, but it is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

It presents the imagination a story of what might happen in a typical American family in case of a foreign invasion. Men who have defended their homes, the hero among them, are found in front of a rapid fire gun and slaughtered. The women and children are driven out of their homes and are in the hands of the enemy. The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

Other artists are Joseph Kilgore, Lloyd Heston, Theda Bara, and others. The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.



THEDA BARA IN "THE BATTLE CRY OF PEACE" AT THE MODERN

For this week there will be presented at the Modern Theatre as the main feature of the bill, Theda Bara, in the picture "The Battle Cry of Peace."

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.



THEDA BARA IN "THE BATTLE CRY OF PEACE" AT THE MODERN

For this week there will be presented at the Modern Theatre as the main feature of the bill, Theda Bara, in the picture "The Battle Cry of Peace."

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

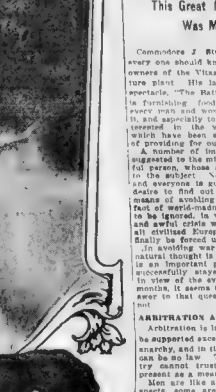
The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.



THEDA BARA IN "THE BATTLE CRY OF PEACE" AT THE MODERN

For this week there will be presented at the Modern Theatre as the main feature of the bill, Theda Bara, in the picture "The Battle Cry of Peace."

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

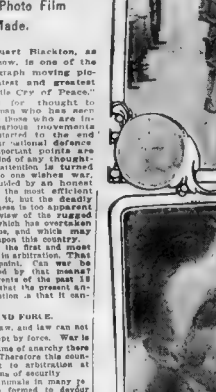
The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.



THEDA BARA IN "THE BATTLE CRY OF PEACE" AT THE MODERN

For this week there will be presented at the Modern Theatre as the main feature of the bill, Theda Bara, in the picture "The Battle Cry of Peace."

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.



THEDA BARA IN "THE BATTLE CRY OF PEACE" AT THE MODERN

For this week there will be presented at the Modern Theatre as the main feature of the bill, Theda Bara, in the picture "The Battle Cry of Peace."

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.



THEDA BARA IN "THE BATTLE CRY OF PEACE" AT THE MODERN

For this week there will be presented at the Modern Theatre as the main feature of the bill, Theda Bara, in the picture "The Battle Cry of Peace."

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

The picture is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war. It is a warning that the world should take steps to prepare itself not for war, but against war.

BATTLE CRY OF PEACE' LESSON FOR COUNTRY

Commodore Blackton Tells Why This Great Photo Film Was Made.

Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, an every one should know, is one of the owners of the Vitaphone moving picture show. His latest and greatest spectacle, "The Battle Cry of Peace," is a picture that is a lesson for the country. It is a picture that is a lesson for the country. It is a picture that is a lesson for the country.

It is a picture that is a lesson for the country. It is a picture that is a lesson for the country. It is a picture that is a lesson for the country. It is a picture that is a lesson for the country.

It is a picture that is a lesson for the country. It is a picture that is a lesson for the country. It is a picture that is a lesson for the country. It is a picture that is a lesson for the country.

It is a picture that is a lesson for the country. It is a picture that is a lesson for the country. It is a picture that is a lesson for the country. It is a picture that is a lesson for the country.

It is a picture that is a lesson for the country. It is a picture that is a lesson for the country. It is a picture that is a lesson for the country. It is a picture that is a lesson for the country.

It is a picture that is a lesson for the country. It is a picture that is a lesson for the country. It is a picture that is a lesson for the country. It is a picture that is a lesson for the country.

It is a picture that is a lesson for the country. It is a picture that is a lesson for the country. It is a picture that is a lesson for the country. It is a picture that is a lesson for the country.

It is a picture that is a lesson for the country. It is a picture that is a lesson for the country. It is a picture that is a lesson for the country. It is a picture that is a lesson for the country.

It is a picture that is a lesson for the country. It is a picture that is a lesson for the country. It is a picture that is a lesson for the country. It is a picture that is a lesson for the country.

SCENES FROM GREAT FILM DRAMA

Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, author and part owner of "The Battle Cry of Peace" above are shown two scenes from the thrilling story of the great film.



PHONOGRAPH AIDS MISS LEONHARDT

Marie Leonhardt, who plays the young wife in "On Trial" at the Tremont Theatre, adopted an unusual expedient when it came time for her to begin her rehearsal for her present character in this play.

"On Trial" is a distinctly American play. All the characters are American and when the company was assembled it was found that every player was an American with the exception of Miss Leonhardt. She was an importation from the other side of the Atlantic for her first stage work had been done with Miss Hornum's stock company, from Manchester, England, which, by the way, had been seen in Montreal, Toronto and Ottawa, and also came to Boston for one week.

It is the most famous stock company in the English provinces and an engagement there is as good as a university education for a young actor or actress. However, Miss Leonhardt realized that she was laboring under a disadvantage, for the level of pronunciation of the English language was decidedly un-American and many words had to be given a different sound. So she went to the stage manager and he carefully went over the book with her.

"This is a happy thought struck her," she said. "I will use a phonograph and have it repeat distinctly such words as 'mamma', 'daddy', 'Lionel', 'Branch', 'the others' which appear in the course of the play."

She then had the phonograph worked together. The result was a revelation and she was able to give the words the sound that she wanted. Her mother was a Swiss, her stage debut was made in London and she has adopted the English as her home.

Amusements. The army and navy destroyed, the sea towns and cities are all scenes of the invaders and we see what would happen to us. Terrible as a scene depicted are, there is no exaggeration in them.

Amusements. The army and navy destroyed, the sea towns and cities are all scenes of the invaders and we see what would happen to us. Terrible as a scene depicted are, there is no exaggeration in them.

Amusements. The army and navy destroyed, the sea towns and cities are all scenes of the invaders and we see what would happen to us. Terrible as a scene depicted are, there is no exaggeration in them.

Amusements. The army and navy destroyed, the sea towns and cities are all scenes of the invaders and we see what would happen to us. Terrible as a scene depicted are, there is no exaggeration in them.

Amusements. The army and navy destroyed, the sea towns and cities are all scenes of the invaders and we see what would happen to us. Terrible as a scene depicted are, there is no exaggeration in them.

Amusements. The army and navy destroyed, the sea towns and cities are all scenes of the invaders and we see what would happen to us. Terrible as a scene depicted are, there is no exaggeration in them.

Amusements. The army and navy destroyed, the sea towns and cities are all scenes of the invaders and we see what would happen to us. Terrible as a scene depicted are, there is no exaggeration in them.

Amusements. The army and navy destroyed, the sea towns and cities are all scenes of the invaders and we see what would happen to us. Terrible as a scene depicted are, there is no exaggeration in them.

Amusements. The army and navy destroyed, the sea towns and cities are all scenes of the invaders and we see what would happen to us. Terrible as a scene depicted are, there is no exaggeration in them.

WALDRON'S CASINO

HANOVER STREET NEAR TREMONT ROW
Telephone—Haymarket 2150

BOSTON'S MAGNIFICENT BURLESQUE THEATRE

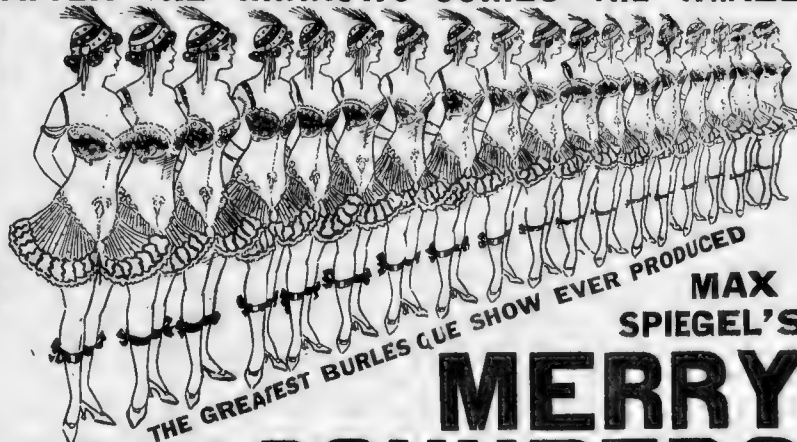
THE HOUSE THAT HAS BROUGHT DISTINCTION TO BURLESQUE IN BOSTON
AFTER THE MINNOWS COMES THE WHALE



★ ABE REYNOLDS ★ MAY LATHAM
★ GEORGE F. HAYES ★ JACK MCGOWAN
★ JUNE LE VEAY ★ ZELLA CLAYTON
★ FRANKIE GRACE ★ JOHNNY BERKES

THIRTY—SPIEGEL BEAUTIES—THIRTY
TWELVE—MALE VOICES—TWELVE
SIXTY—PEOPLE—SIXTY

CONGRESS OF BURLESQUE STARS
MYRIAD OF MERRY MAKERS CREATING



THE GREATEST BURLESQUE SHOW EVER PRODUCED

MERRY ROUNDERS

THE MIRTH OF A NATION

THE SWEETEST CHORUS BOSTON HAS EVER SEEN



TO THE PUBLIC

I have seen the production and the performance by the Merry Rounders Company and emphatically assert that they constitute the most magnificent, most stupendous, most bewildering, most brilliantly beautiful and most satisfying entertainment ever presented on the burlesque stage. No attraction like it has ever been seen in a burlesque theatre. The realization far surpasses all expectations; words cannot do justice to this superb attraction.

I personally guarantee the Merry Rounders to be the very best burlesque show I have ever witnessed.

CHARLES H. WALDRON
Manager Waldron's Casino

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE
"The International Centre of Boston"
THREE DAILY 2 and 7.15. WEEK OF NOVEMBER 1ST.
"ALWAYS THE BEST IN VAUDEVILLE!"
Attraction Extraordinary! Order Seats Now!
Engagement Positively Limited to One Week Only.

EVELYN NESBIT
And JACK CLIFFORD
Introducing EVELYN FOX TROT & CLIFFORD WALK
THE PRINCE OF MINSTRELS
FODDIE LEONARD
In a New Comedy Entitled "MISTERS TO THE STREET"
Introducing EVELYN FOX TROT & CLIFFORD WALK
THE PRINCE OF MINSTRELS
MARIE NORDSTROM
DRESS, MERRY E. DICKET, in a New and Original Monologue Entitled
"THE NEW YORK CITY"
JULIAN ROSE Emperor of All
GREAT FIVE BELMONT FAMILY
Wonderful HIGH ROLLING and RHYTHMIC EXPERTS
From the London Hippodrome
IRENE and BOBBIE SMITH
TWO DAINTY MISSES WITH SONGS REALLY WORTH HEARING
MR. & MRS. NORMAN PHILLIPS
In a New Comedy Entitled "MISTERS TO THE STREET"
Introducing EVELYN FOX TROT & CLIFFORD WALK
THE PRINCE OF MINSTRELS
WEBER, DOLAN & FRASER
In a Living Word of Comedy, Music and Melody
CLAUDE M. ROODE OF THE WIRE

SUNDAY CONCERT LAYNE & SONG. ARVEN ORIGINAL HONEY BOTS.
"THE NEW YORK CITY" ENTERTAINMENT. A NIGHT WITH THE
PORTS IN AN AFFECTIONATE
ELECTION RETURNS. Between the Acts, Tues. Eve., Nov. 2

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE
HUNTINGTON AVENUE. SAT. & SUN. MATS. 1.15. 2.15. 4.15. 7.15.
LAST TWO WEEKS
In BOSTON of the
Greatest Success
This City Has
Known in
Years

EXPERIENCE
Last Sixteen
Times of the
Most Wonderful
Play America—in
the World's Most Palatial
and Most Gorgeous Opera House

NOTE THESE PRICES—SUNDAY AND SAT. MAT.
1000 Seats at.....\$1.00 900 Seats at.....75c
800 Seats at.....50c Orchestra.....\$1.50 & \$1

BARGAIN MAT. WEDNESDAY—25c-\$1
Down Town List Office
At 174 Tremont St., Cor. City Telephone Co.
LAST TIME HERE AT. EVE., Nov. 13

PARK THEATRE
WASHINGTON ST. Week of Nov. First
AT NOTELTON
Extraordinary Double Bill
Paramount Feature
GERALDINE FARRAR
Boston's Favorite "CARMEN"
Original Production as Produced at Symphony Hall
MARC MACDERMOTT in "Mystery of Room 13"
CONCERT ORCHESTRA—CONCERT COLLETS—PRICES 15 to 25c
WEEK 8 **MARY PICKFORD** in "MADAME BUTTERFLY"
Big Sunday Concert Vaudeville

WILBUR THEATRE TEL. OX. 4520
See 'em at 8:20; Matinee Wed. & Sat. at 2:20
Come and Laugh at Shaw
He's Laughed at You for Years
"A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS" will
produce his newest play, "A
PLACE IN THE SUN,"
Wednesday evening, Nov. 3.
If you enjoy a play with
brilliant dialogue and stirring
situations, acted by a
cast of superior merit and
staged with faultless taste,
you are the theatre-goer the
TOY is trying to reach.
The TOY THEATRE is
NOT an exclusive amateur
organization, as some people
think, but a professional
theatre where clever and
entertaining plays are given
for the general public.
Seat sale Tomorrow.
Prices 50c, \$1.00, \$1.50.

TOY
Lorraine M. at 8:20; 10
Unusually to
Evening in

HOWARD
Lorraine M. at 8:20; 10
Unusually to
Evening in
CHESS
HARRY STEPPE
GIRLS FROM THE FOLLIES
BURLESQUE
DE VRIES TROUPE
NEIL OTTEN vs. HANS FUERST

SHUBERT THEATRE MATS WED & SAT. 2:10
ONLY ONE MORE WEEK!
"Has Created a Sensation"
GREATEST STAR CAST
EVER ASSEMBLED

PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY
GEORGE MARYAN
IGNACIO MARTINETTI
REGAN HUGHSTON
LYN HARDING
CHARLES DALTON
R. PATON GIBBS
ROSE COGHAN

In Paul M. Potter's Play From Du Maurier's Famous

TRILBY

MANAGEMENT OF JOSEPH BROOKS
NEXT WEEK—SEATS TUES.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY
DIRECT FROM ITS RECORD-BREAKING SUCCESS IN CHICAGO
THE CYCLONIC WINTER GARDEN REVUE

MAID IN AMERICA

WITH THE ORIGINAL COMPANY OF 128, INCLUDING
FLORENCE MOORE and Mlle. DAZIE
RITA COULD
LOUISE JUNK
SAM ADAMS
WILLIAM HALLIGAN
MARGARET CALVERT
THOS. MCQUIRE
KATHERINE ANDREWS
AN ALL CONQUERING ARMY OF FASCINATING, FROLICHSOME BEAUTIES
30 TUNEFUL TUNES : 12 BIG SCENES
BUBBLING OVER WITH FUN : MYRIADS OF FEATURES
A RIOT OF REVELRY—SONG—COLOR
PHYSICAL NIGHT & SAT. MATS. 2:10 to 2:30. WED. 2:10 to 2:30. THURS. 2:10 to 2:30.

For Other Amusement Advertisement
See Pages 5, 6 and 8

INTIMATE PEEPS AT OUR AMERICAN BEAUTIES

No 5 "Kittens"

Posed Especially by

Nae Murray

Photographs by Clarence White
of the Chair of Modern Photography
Columbia College



Silhouette



*"The
Kittens"*

*"How Shall
I Sign it?"*

Awoke from the Dead in the New Orleans Morgue

Mr. Robert Ames Describes a Distressing Real Life Experience Which Novelists and Dramatists Have Often Tried to Imagine

IN the morgue in New Orleans the day after the recent Gulf hurricane lay the battered body of Robert Ames, "dead." He was a chauffeur, from Chicago, and his crushed remains with the dead body of a companion had been taken from the ruins of a collapsed building. To the stupefied and momentary horror of the morgue attendants the body of Mr. Ames stirred, a groan escaped and the form on the slab had come to life! Mr. Ames describes his extraordinary experience below.

By Robert Ames.

Statement Made by Mr. Ames in the Hospital.

I WAS killed in the great New Orleans hurricane, September 29. My body was taken to the morgue and the next morning had been prepared for burial in Potter's Field. I came to life a little before noon of September 30. I was in a hospital now with five ribs broken, one of them caved in against my heart; my head bruised and lacerated; and more than sixty abrasions on various parts of my body, arms and legs—but I am very much alive and the plain wooden coffin which had been brought to the morgue for my use is now occupied by some other poor devil.

I was walking in South Rampart street, New Orleans, on the twenty-ninth of September about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The wind was blowing at a rate of nearly 100 miles an hour—I learned this from the official figures, afterward. Glass and slate and bricks were flying all about my head. I could scarcely stand on my feet. I sighted Moore's veterinary hospital through the darkness which had settled down and I rushed in. Inside was another man. We huddled together in the front of the building, which was constructed of brick.

Suddenly a big slice of the roof was lifted off by the hurricane. I attempted to rush out into the street, but the whole building came down on me and my companion. I learned later that I lay covered by debris and wreckage until nearly midnight when a police squad of rescuers took my body and the other man's and sent them to the morgue.

It appears, therefore, that I died between five and six o'clock that afternoon.

In my death, or trance, or whatever it was, I believed that I had died. I recalled the crash of the falling building. I seemed to me that I was in an endless valley with billions of persons trudging on to an endless, vague destination. It was not anything like the orthodox idea of heaven about which I had read. Nor did it suggest hell. I suppose it was nearer to the accepted idea of purgatory.

I was a little perplexed—the perplexity which would be natural to any one who was to find himself in the midst of billions of persons, tramping, trudging, but with no idea of the goal.

I saw only men and women. There were no children—no boys or girls or babies.

"Where are the children?" I asked a fellow pilgrim who walked by my side.

"There are no children now," he replied. "We are all grown. When I died I was an infant."

"Died!" I exclaimed to myself. "So I am dead—that accounts for all this, and all these people here are dead people," I remember thinking. It was my first realization of the situation.

But everything seemed natural enough. The strange discovery my companion had revealed, that a child immediately becomes a grown up person when it dies, did not seem to astonish me. And when, soon after, I saw two of my cousins who died when they were children and found they were grown women I was not surprised.

To be among the dead seemed to me not at all surprising. I remember the curious pallor of all the faces around me which seemed quite as it should be. I had no sensations of pain—no emotions. I was not hungry, I was not thirsty. I was not sleepy nor especially interested in where I was going.

I was not in any hurry, and yet I felt impelled to go on and on with the throng which was moving along. One strange thing impressed me—there was no noise. Countless thousands of shuffling feet and yet not a sound; voices I heard, and yet without sound. I heard what was being said, but the words came to me as noiselessly as the words on a moving picture screen.

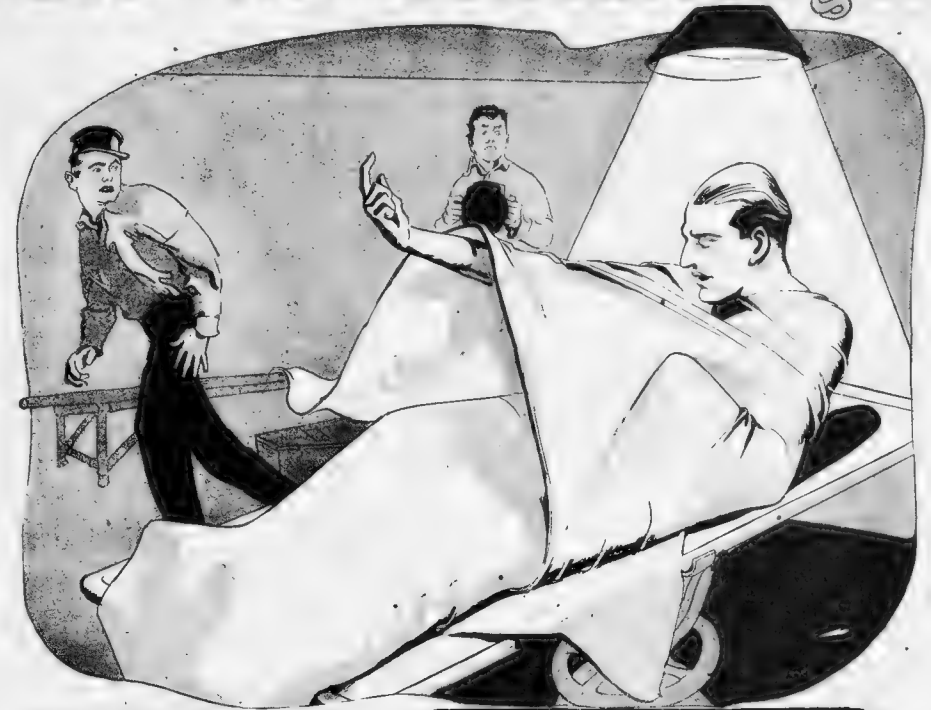
I was not in the world of the living. This much I was well aware of. I was entirely out of touch with all living things. I could not see the sunlight of the world, I did not feel the pressing weight of the boards and beams that held me crushed under their mass, the policemen and firemen who shouted and worked about me I neither saw nor heard.

I was dead, and among the dead. But suddenly all this changed. I became conscious of the world of the living—I could see and hear faintly.

Then I felt cold. I felt ice water trickling on my sides. I was nude and lying on a marble slab. I tried to make an outcry, a moan, but could not. I could not open my eyes or stir a muscle.

"Killed in the storm last night," said a voice near me, "he and one of the negroes. The other one's from the hospital. Consumption."

Two men lifted my body from the slab and let the hydrant run on me. Of course my heart must have been beating then, but I am sure my chest did not rise and fall to the impulse of the respiration. Later I was told that when I was taken from the ruins of the veterinary hospital a physician had declared



"I carefully, deliberately moaned, at the same time exerted an effort, which resulted in my being able to move my arm, which was covered with a sheet. . . . The terrified morgue attendants and the driver who had brought in the caskets fled!"

that the rigidity of my body showed I had been dead four or five hours.

If I had been wealthy and the address of my relatives had been known I suppose they would have proceeded to embalm me. Probably the cold water which had been allowed to trick over me to "keep" my body prevented my thawing out when the blood began to circulate. I was mentally conscious, but my body was stiff as a board.

"His whole side is caved in," remarked one of the attendants as he swished me with soap and water. I felt no pain.

"That nigger's neck is broke," said the other, indicating one of my companions on the slab.

"Who's the white stuff?" asked a curiosity-seeker, who sauntered into the morgue.

"He's Robert Ames, a Chicago chauffeur," replied the attendant, who evidently had gone through my belongings to make an official identification. "That's all we know. We can't keep the body during stormy days like these. As soon as we get the coffins we'll send him and the two niggers to Potter's Field."

I was repelled on the slab. My clothes were put back on my body and a sheet was drawn over me.

A little later the family of one of the negroes arrived, and, after identifying their dead, took his body away. The colored man and I were left on the slab. I knew he was next to me as his body was put back after it, too, had been prepared for burial.

Then I dozed.

Again I passed on into the world of the dead. Again I was trudging on with that endless, noiseless throng.

I don't know how long it was before I awoke. I heard a noise of a box being dragged along the stone floor.

"The short one's for the white man," directed one of the attendants. "Put it near his body."

I knew they were bringing in my coffin. I clutched with my hands; I exerted all the strength of my heart and very soul to move my muscles. I filled my lungs and attempted to shout—to shout in such a fashion as would be heard a mile away. And from my feeble body, thanks to God, came forth a groan.

One of the men dropped his end of a coffin and leaped back. "What was that?" he asked.

"Nothing," replied an attendant at the other end of the morgue. "May have been a kid in the lot outside."

I felt a little self-assurance then. I felt as if my trance or whatever mysterious transition it was, had passed. I carefully, deliberately moaned, at the same time exerting an effort which resulted in my being able to move my arm, which was covered with a sheet. I was both seen and heard. The terrified attendants and the driver who had brought in the caskets fled. I was left alone with the dead negro, but only for a moment, as the alarm had been sounded and a dozen men came back with those who had run away.

My eyes were opened by this time.

"I'm not a ghost," I gasped. "Don't get scared. Bring me something hot."

In a jiffy a stretcher had been fetched and I was tenderly lifted from the slab and taken from the house of death into the coroner's office. An ambulance arrived, and I was taken to a public hospital. I was given stimulants. An hour or so later a surgeon examined me and said an operation was necessary. I was in no mood for this. I was dressed and at the first opportunity I fled the hospital. No operation for me. I went to a private institution and they tell me I will recover without the use of a knife.



Photograph Showing Some of the Ruin and Wreck of the New Orleans Hurricane.

Photo by International Film Service.



Photograph Taken Inside the New Orleans Morgue. On One of These Slabs Mr. Robert Ames

"Came to Life."

HOW SPIES ARE CAUGHT AND MERCILESSLY SHOT



German Soldier Bringing in a Russian Spy Disguised as a Peasant and Caught Signalling Behind the German Lines

***Masquerading in Dead
Soldiers' Uniforms, Signal-
ing with the Hands of
the Church Clock and Other
Ingenious Tricks That
Have Been Discovered and
Ended in a Summary
Execution***

[illegible]

Overwhelming proof of his guilt was the fact that French soldiers paid a terrible price through his body. He had a good will, and he was killed in action in the dramatic manner shown in the photograph.

Another traitor as related by the French was that he was a French deserter. He had back to camp put in front of a concealed French battery as a proven arrangement with the Germans. After he had been a few minutes he prudently passed on. As soon as he was out of sight a storm of German shells fell on the place where his shell had been. This attack put three French guns out of action and killed a number of valuable French

Another French traitor indicated the position of his country's artillery units in the night. He was captured and executed.



Dramatic Photograph of the Summary Execution of a German Spy Caught in the Act by the French Soldiers. (And Above) How a French Spy, a Traitor to His Country, Was Executed and Left by the Roadside as a Warning to Others, at Verzy, Near Rheims.



Execution of an Austrian Spy Caught in Civilian Clothes by the Servian Army.

uniforms taken from dead British soldiers. The Germans have many men who speak English, perfectly or nearly so. A soldier in a Canadian Highlander regiment that was the first to take the German trenches said one of their sergeants went out to observe a German trench and failed to come back. They knew he had been killed or

taken prisoner. "I have never experienced the hatred of the Canadian soldiers," he believed that a German wearing the same sergeant's uniform would soon eliminate himself into the Canadian ranks. "I have never received a commission to change the position of my men in the trenches with an adjoining battalion not wearing kilts, so I am sure you could be discovered more easily."

In two days a killed German walked boldly up to the trench which the killed Canadian had occupied. "I was not killed," he declared but out from the ranks of the trousered soldiers. When he was questioned it was found strange to state, that he was quite a good marksman and was not at all afraid of the British.

[illegible]

"I was also acting as spy for the British Secret Service under Canada. He told me that I had to be very effective blind for what I was doing for Germany. At a given time two German officers would come to the class were to make for the English class."

It was I who told the Admiralty, and went on the third occasion that it was a conspiracy. A power-terman squadron went to reinforce the fleet, but out of eight of the raiding vessels, was either in contact or in the vicinity of the fleet, and the Admiralty, after consulting the other staff, sent out by the Admiralty and destroyers by co-ordinating numbers and positions at some place which we would call was upon "C" and "D" line of the fleet.

"Captain Hall had an opportunity to see the fleet again. I was in the British for part of the day, and for me, and at the interview, that I would have heard as a spy if I did not make as a first officer of the fleet. The first list of New York.

[illegible]

A Real Old Fashioned Elopement

At Midnight, in the Moonlight, Down a Ladder from Her Bedroom, Into the Arms of Her Lover, the Romantic Young People Went and Woke Up a Kindly Man Who Came Down in His Dressing Gown and Married Them

ROUND HILL, a placid farming community five miles from the richest town of its size in the world, Greenwich, Conn., has seen shaken to its calm centre by an elopement.

"No such thing never happened around here since I kin remember," said an inhabitant with a piece of hay between his teeth. "But my grandmother—that's her daughter-type on the mantle beside the bed—was down—run away like that."

That is precisely what is interesting about this elopement. It was done in just the same way as grandmothers and great-grandmothers used to elope. The maid locked herself in her room and prepared for flight. A lover brave and ardent allied himself to a ladder. The maid's lovely face appeared at the window. The lover snatched his cap. The window was slowly raised. The girl climbed down the ladder. The youthful pair crept through the bushes, climbed into a waiting carriage and fled. They stopped at a friend's house for clothes and witnesses. They called the town clerk from his bed for a license. They proceeded to the home of a Justice of the Peace, who came downstairs in a dressing gown, and married them. All this began to happen at midnight. By sunrise the young couple had whisked away to some secret place for their honeymoon.

It sounds like a Jane Austen novel, but it is a fact. The achievement of Clifford Schnell and Florence Jones has set a new fashion, of looking on old-fashioned elopements. Young persons who are in love and are chafing against some restrictions are taking aly survivors to Round Hill to rather escape and learn the methods employed by the elopers. Round Hill has suddenly become famous.

Florence Jones was twenty, the daughter of Robert G. Jones, a well-to-do farmer, possessing a plentiful acre of the aforesaid Round Hill. Clifford Schnell was twenty and the son of a country doctor, not so wealthy. The youth was learning the automobile business. He was learning it so well that it was said he could drive a car faster than any non-professional driver in Connecticut. Farmer Jones's white frame house, green shutters, a cool back from the country road and was surrounded by trees. Dr. Schnell's house and office were close to the road. The horses were in the stable yard, but a good level of a great gravel ear. He had compassed greater distance, social and geographical.

He began operations early, did "C" and when Florence and Clifford went to the same country school. The little girl, with the big brown eyes and the fair hair, seemed to the wisest, fresh-colored, black-eyed, black-haired lad, the prettiest

girl in the world. Florence was sure that Clifford was a true, strong, cleverest, finest boy on earth. To the credit of the girl and boy let it be said that in this salting world of change they never changed their opinions of each other.

But others tried to change them. There was Farmer Jones, who said he "didn't want that boy coming around here no more." There was Florence's stepmother, who excused the farmer's opinion, if she didn't like him. And there was Dr. Schnell, who said to his son, "Don't go around there if they don't want you. There are plenty of girls whose fathers and mothers—even their stepmothers—will be glad to have you call on them. Have some sense."

But Florence thought only of Clifford, and Clifford only of Florence. Down the road from Round Hill, half way between Farmer Jones's and Dr. Schnell's homes, "Cupid established a relief station." It was the home of Florence's mother. When Florence was "bliss" she called at the hospitable half-way house for comfort. Besides, it was convenient to drop in there on a Sunday afternoon or an evening for Clifford was admitted to Grandpa's "free" house. When at last, Clifford complained of his lot, saying he would never be able to win over "the old man," Grandpa hurriedly to rescue himself. He regarded the disconsolate youth with scorn.

"If I was a young man and wanted a girl to run away with her," he said.

"But," began Clifford slowly, "I'm not a young man. I'm only a boy."

"You and the girl you want. If you're in love, there's only one way to keep you from running away."

"Everybody knows us. If we took out a license in this county we'd be all right."

"Against the superior glance cast at youth by age."

"The State line's only eight miles away," said Captain Lieutenant.

"To his surprise she was charmed. "Dear old Grandpa," she said.

"He has a heart."

Meanwhile in the farmhouse greater vigilance was being exercised. There were frequent visits from the father and step-mother. They roamed in a gloom. "We'll educate 'em out of her," they said, and sent her to fashion-school. When she came back, she found her father and step-mother waiting for her. When she came back, she found her father and step-mother waiting for her.

There he was, the dear boy, standing the ladder with one hand, waving his cap with the other, and looking so handsome. Florence hesitated for a moment, softly, slowly she raised the window and heard the decent, bluff

stuffed up the ladder to meet her down again.

"Tell her when you get back."

"Tell her when you get back."

"Tell her when you get back."

"Tell her when you get back."

"Tell her when you get back."

"Fresh air, and outdoor life'll do you good," her practical-minded father bought her a runabout. But the runabout only made it easier to dash to and fro in the road and "confuse" with sympathetic "Grandpa." This led, if Clifford couldn't call at the house time he could leave notes, and "Grandpa" was a capable postmaster.

Last month the spare, named by Grandpa, burst into flame. The twenty-year-old declared they could wait no longer—would wait no longer. Then, Florence would in her last long fortune her mother had bequeathed to her, when she was twenty-one. But a year seems endless when you are twenty and in love.

"Remember, drive slowly so they won't hear you. I'll be waiting when the clock strikes twelve. The ladder is in the grass beside the peach tree. Remember the big peach tree in the corner of the yard."

"Hope your dad isn't an expert with firearms," from Clifford.

"Nonsense. The only gun he's had since I can remember is too rusty to shoot."

Florence retired at eight. Her parents followed her example in an hour. When from across the hall usual music greeted her, Florence knew that father and mother were in peace for the night. If only step-

"Softly, slowly, she raised the window and began the descent. Clifford started up the ladder to meet her, but she waved him down again. The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"Fresh air, and outdoor life'll do you good," her practical-minded father bought her a runabout. But the runabout only made it easier to dash to and fro in the road and "confuse" with sympathetic "Grandpa." This led, if Clifford couldn't call at the house time he could leave notes, and "Grandpa" was a capable postmaster.

Last month the spare, named by Grandpa, burst into flame. The twenty-year-old declared they could wait no longer—would wait no longer. Then, Florence would in her last long fortune her mother had bequeathed to her, when she was twenty-one. But a year seems endless when you are twenty and in love.

"Remember, drive slowly so they won't hear you. I'll be waiting when the clock strikes twelve. The ladder is in the grass beside the peach tree. Remember the big peach tree in the corner of the yard."

"Hope your dad isn't an expert with firearms," from Clifford.

"Nonsense. The only gun he's had since I can remember is too rusty to shoot."

Florence retired at eight. Her parents followed her example in an hour. When from across the hall usual music greeted her, Florence knew that father and mother were in peace for the night. If only step-

"Softly, slowly, she raised the window and began the descent. Clifford started up the ladder to meet her, but she waved him down again. The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"Fresh air, and outdoor life'll do you good," her practical-minded father bought her a runabout. But the runabout only made it easier to dash to and fro in the road and "confuse" with sympathetic "Grandpa." This led, if Clifford couldn't call at the house time he could leave notes, and "Grandpa" was a capable postmaster.

Last month the spare, named by Grandpa, burst into flame. The twenty-year-old declared they could wait no longer—would wait no longer. Then, Florence would in her last long fortune her mother had bequeathed to her, when she was twenty-one. But a year seems endless when you are twenty and in love.

"Remember, drive slowly so they won't hear you. I'll be waiting when the clock strikes twelve. The ladder is in the grass beside the peach tree. Remember the big peach tree in the corner of the yard."

"Hope your dad isn't an expert with firearms," from Clifford.

"Nonsense. The only gun he's had since I can remember is too rusty to shoot."

Florence retired at eight. Her parents followed her example in an hour. When from across the hall usual music greeted her, Florence knew that father and mother were in peace for the night. If only step-

"Softly, slowly, she raised the window and began the descent. Clifford started up the ladder to meet her, but she waved him down again. The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"Fresh air, and outdoor life'll do you good," her practical-minded father bought her a runabout. But the runabout only made it easier to dash to and fro in the road and "confuse" with sympathetic "Grandpa." This led, if Clifford couldn't call at the house time he could leave notes, and "Grandpa" was a capable postmaster.

Last month the spare, named by Grandpa, burst into flame. The twenty-year-old declared they could wait no longer—would wait no longer. Then, Florence would in her last long fortune her mother had bequeathed to her, when she was twenty-one. But a year seems endless when you are twenty and in love.

"Remember, drive slowly so they won't hear you. I'll be waiting when the clock strikes twelve. The ladder is in the grass beside the peach tree. Remember the big peach tree in the corner of the yard."

"Hope your dad isn't an expert with firearms," from Clifford.

"Nonsense. The only gun he's had since I can remember is too rusty to shoot."

Florence retired at eight. Her parents followed her example in an hour. When from across the hall usual music greeted her, Florence knew that father and mother were in peace for the night. If only step-

"Softly, slowly, she raised the window and began the descent. Clifford started up the ladder to meet her, but she waved him down again. The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"Fresh air, and outdoor life'll do you good," her practical-minded father bought her a runabout. But the runabout only made it easier to dash to and fro in the road and "confuse" with sympathetic "Grandpa." This led, if Clifford couldn't call at the house time he could leave notes, and "Grandpa" was a capable postmaster.

Last month the spare, named by Grandpa, burst into flame. The twenty-year-old declared they could wait no longer—would wait no longer. Then, Florence would in her last long fortune her mother had bequeathed to her, when she was twenty-one. But a year seems endless when you are twenty and in love.

"Remember, drive slowly so they won't hear you. I'll be waiting when the clock strikes twelve. The ladder is in the grass beside the peach tree. Remember the big peach tree in the corner of the yard."

"Hope your dad isn't an expert with firearms," from Clifford.

"Nonsense. The only gun he's had since I can remember is too rusty to shoot."

Florence retired at eight. Her parents followed her example in an hour. When from across the hall usual music greeted her, Florence knew that father and mother were in peace for the night. If only step-

"Softly, slowly, she raised the window and began the descent. Clifford started up the ladder to meet her, but she waved him down again. The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

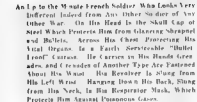
"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to run any risk."

"The ladder might break and she didn't want to

*The Mechanical Ears That Can Hear and Locate a Submarine
Twenty-five Miles Away; the Nets That Catch It, Like a Fish;
the Destroying Bombs of the Submersible-Hunting Aeroplane*

[illegible][illegible]

How Color and

[illegible]

Optical Effects Annihilate Ambush and to Proceed

[illegible]

Used to Lure to Protect

A Diagram Illustrating How the Under-Sex Boat, V, may share a momentary act of their own during the process of mating.

It is generally agreed that the male of the species is the more active of the two sexes, and it is the male that initiates the mating process. The male of the species is the more active of the two sexes, and it is the male that initiates the mating process. The male of the species is the more active of the two sexes, and it is the male that initiates the mating process.

phone of the "Submarine Detector" Catches the
Are These Transmitted in Gravity Amplified
of the Operator of the Detector.



**This Extraordinary F
Polmonum Cl
Science, a**

**The New P
And K**

FOR hundreds of mill
Europe had never the
acute the first time
as in. This fact has a
in every many weas
suffered.

From a scientific
of the last years in
form of cancer. Practic
science provided the
The acrolein was u
that acrolein, gener
the war" was to be fight
ing quarters. They g
ing to regulate it and
comes and in the same
the

of life's wonders used by the birds. It is now known that the birds' sense of smell is much more acute than we have given it credit for. In fact, it is so acute that a bird can find its way home from a place with only a faint "puff" of its own scent, or the scent of a gas in the "poison" we have given it. The birds know when German chemists put perfume in a gas, and when perfume gets into a gas, it is a "puff" of the perfume. The birds know when the chemists put perfume in a gas, and when perfume gets into a gas, it is a "puff" of the perfume. The birds know when the chemists put perfume in a gas, and when perfume gets into a gas, it is a "puff" of the perfume.

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

ended the New
town to
'del-

Fires— them

money in practically an
as trained people, with
efforts in the effort on the
structure was very dis-
tinct, with an understanding
of how to know an individ-
ual case in the project, the
an first help through the
trauma future. While a
all to respond to it and was
to determine the degree
of trauma suffered
to have been almost
paid for the war the

100
 101
 102
 103
 104
 105
 106
 107
 108
 109
 110
 111
 112
 113
 114
 115
 116
 117
 118
 119
 120
 121
 122
 123
 124
 125
 126
 127
 128
 129
 130
 131
 132
 133
 134
 135
 136
 137
 138
 139
 140
 141
 142
 143
 144
 145
 146
 147
 148
 149
 150
 151
 152
 153
 154
 155
 156
 157
 158
 159
 160
 161
 162
 163
 164
 165
 166
 167
 168
 169
 170
 171
 172
 173
 174
 175
 176
 177
 178
 179
 180
 181
 182
 183
 184
 185
 186
 187
 188
 189
 190
 191
 192
 193
 194
 195
 196
 197
 198
 199
 200
 201
 202
 203
 204
 205
 206
 207
 208
 209
 210
 211
 212
 213
 214
 215
 216
 217
 218
 219
 220
 221
 222
 223
 224
 225
 226
 227
 228
 229
 230
 231
 232
 233
 234
 235
 236
 237
 238
 239
 240
 241
 242
 243
 244
 245
 246
 247
 248
 249
 250
 251
 252
 253
 254
 255
 256
 257
 258
 259
 260
 261
 262
 263
 264
 265
 266
 267
 268
 269
 270
 271
 272
 273
 274
 275
 276
 277
 278
 279
 280
 281
 282
 283
 284
 285
 286
 287
 288
 289
 290
 291
 292
 293
 294
 295
 296
 297
 298
 299
 300
 301
 302
 303
 304
 305
 306
 307
 308
 309
 310
 311
 312
 313
 314
 315
 316
 317
 318
 319
 320
 321
 322
 323
 324
 325
 326
 327
 328
 329
 330
 331
 332
 333
 334
 335
 336
 337
 338
 339
 340
 341
 342
 343
 344
 345
 346
 347
 348
 349
 350
 351
 352
 353
 354
 355
 356
 357
 358
 359
 360
 361
 362
 363
 364
 365
 366
 367
 368
 369
 370
 371
 372
 373
 374
 375
 376
 377
 378
 379
 380
 381
 382
 383
 384
 385
 386
 387
 388
 389
 390
 391
 392
 393
 394
 395
 396
 397
 398
 399
 400
 401
 402
 403
 404
 405
 406
 407
 408
 409
 410
 411
 412
 413
 414
 415
 416
 417
 418
 419
 420
 421
 422
 423
 424
 425
 426
 427
 428
 429
 430
 431
 432
 433
 434
 435
 436
 437
 438
 439
 440
 441
 442
 443
 444
 445
 446
 447
 448
 449
 450
 451
 452
 453
 454
 455
 456
 457
 458
 459
 460
 461
 462
 463
 464
 465
 466
 467
 468
 469
 470
 471
 472
 473
 474
 475
 476
 477
 478
 479
 480
 481
 482
 483
 484
 485
 486
 487
 488
 489
 490
 491
 492
 493
 494
 495
 496
 497
 498
 499
 500
 501
 502
 503
 504
 505
 506
 507
 508
 509
 510
 511
 512
 513
 514
 515
 516
 517
 518
 519
 520
 521
 522
 523
 524
 525
 526
 527
 528
 529
 530
 531
 532
 533
 534
 535
 536
 537
 538
 539
 540
 541
 542
 543
 544
 545
 546
 547
 548
 549
 550
 551
 552
 553
 554
 555
 556
 557
 558
 559
 560
 561
 562
 563
 564
 565
 566
 567
 568
 569
 570
 571
 572
 573
 574
 575
 576
 577
 578
 579
 580
 581
 582
 583
 584
 585
 586
 587
 588
 589
 590
 591
 592
 593
 594
 595
 596
 597
 598
 599
 600
 601
 602
 603
 604
 605
 606
 607
 608
 609
 610
 611

**The New Poisonous Gases, Smothering Smoke and Liquid Fires—
And How Science Both Uses and Protects Against Them**

French soldiers of mine along the battlefield front. The mine was set to explode at 10:00 a.m. and the explosion was heard by the German soldiers in the trench. The explosion was heard by the German soldiers in the trench. The explosion was heard by the German soldiers in the trench.

[illegible][illegible]

100

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

New Light on the Mystery of Napoleon's Heart



An Old French Print Illustrating the Funeral of Napoleon at St. Helena, in 1821.



A Curious Cartoon, Published During Napoleon's Exile, Evidencing the Prevalence of Rats at St. Helena.

Just Discovered Diary Refutes the Old Assertions That Rats Devoured It---The Emperor's Coffin Was Made from a Dining Room Table

THE battle and a new mystery concerning the great Napoleon's heart seems at last to have been satisfactorily settled.

Early a century reports were known in France and England that the heart was not buried with the body, owing to some versions it was "eaten" by the Emperor's physician, Antommarchi, or by some other man. Other accounts say that it was devoured by rats during the funeral processions and a sheep's heart substituted for it.

This controversy had reached such a point that Dr. Cabanis, both well known to French physicians and writers, was asked by the French Government to investigate the matter.

The discovery which appears to end the controversy was made by Major F. M. Darluc, a medical officer now in charge of British troops at St. Helena. He has found the diary of Andrew Darling, a publisher, who had charge of various affairs and finally of the arrangements for Napoleon's funeral at Longwood House, St. Helena, where the great Emperor died on May 5, 1821.

Four documents with great detail are believed to exist. The first is a letter from the Emperor to the British Government, dated May 10, 1821, in which he requested that the heart be buried with his body.

The second is a letter from the Emperor to the British Government, dated May 10, 1821, in which he requested that the heart be buried with his body.

The third is a letter from the Emperor to the British Government, dated May 10, 1821, in which he requested that the heart be buried with his body.

The fourth is a letter from the Emperor to the British Government, dated May 10, 1821, in which he requested that the heart be buried with his body.

From the Diary of Andrew Darling, Who Put Napoleon in His Coffin

Saturday, May 5, 1821

On my way up I passed the Admiral (Lambert), Marquis de Montebello, and Major General de Montebello, having in them with the account of General Bonaparte's death: this was a short distance from Longwood House. I then went to the Old House, where I found a dragon was just starting with a horse to go to the funeral. I then went to the Old House, where I found a dragon was just starting with a horse to go to the funeral.

When a heart substituted for it. Darluc of course did not know that the heart he helped to seal up was really that of Napoleon and not that of a sheep. He did not think of such a matter.

Apparently the heart and stomach had been lying in separate receptacles since the previous day, and something might have happened to them. Nevertheless, considered in connection with the inherent impossibility of the sheep's heart story, Darluc's diary does make very convincing evidence.

He knew that Dr. Antommarchi wished to secure Napoleon's heart and that some of the other Frenchmen wished it, and that the English authorities, who were in command, would not permit such a thing. It is not easy to go out and secure a sheep's heart and substitute it for a dead man's heart in charge of soldiers of a foreign nation.

The story of the substitution of the sheep's heart is certainly curious and rests on several pieces of evidence. It is most strongly stated in the "Memoirs of Dr. Charles Thomas Caswell, an English physician, who took part in the funeral." He writes:

"Dr. Antommarchi, assisted by Dr. Charles Thomas Caswell, proceeded to the autopsy of Napoleon. Night overtook them. When the doctors came in the next morning they discovered that the heart of the Emperor had been eaten by rats. They replaced it by that of a sheep which they had killed immediately."

Dr. Caswell further states: "Through a board in the wall, as I entered, I caught a rat fast devouring the right ventricle."

Some plausibility is given to the rat story by the fact that there was undoubtedly a plague of rats at St. Helena at the time of Napoleon's death. The island was then an important center of commerce and the rats were very numerous.

When Napoleon's body was taken to the island in 1818 it was exposed to public view for a short time, but there is no mention of the disposition of the heart. The original coffin in which the body was brought from St. Helena was preserved, and it was then placed in a coffin of iron, one of steel, one of lead and one of silver. Around this last is a coffin of wood, then out of a single block of Siberian porphyry, which now rests the visitor's eye in the Chapel of the Invalides.

From the Diary of Andrew Darling, Who Put Napoleon in His Coffin

Saturday, May 5, 1821

On my way up I passed the Admiral (Lambert), Marquis de Montebello, and Major General de Montebello, having in them with the account of General Bonaparte's death: this was a short distance from Longwood House. I then went to the Old House, where I found a dragon was just starting with a horse to go to the funeral. I then went to the Old House, where I found a dragon was just starting with a horse to go to the funeral.



The Great Napoleon, in the Uniform in Which He Was Buried. From the Painting by Paul Delarocche.

approximately 10 inches deep. The size of the coffin is made as follows: Length, 5 ft. 11 inches; depth, 12 inches; width of the head, 10 1/2 inches; shoulder, 21 inches; foot, 5 inches. At that time I understood that he was to be laid in state, and to remain open two or three days, but was not aware that he was to be put into a coffin with his hat and clothes on. In the event he used to dress when in uniform.

Monday, May 7, 1821

The room in which he lay was by the corner nearest the dining room, the size small, by which means the people were admitted. The iron bedstead on which he lay was about six feet ten inches by the feet, about five feet by the head. The bedstead was of iron, the corner nearest the dining room, the size small, by which means the people were admitted. The iron bedstead on which he lay was about six feet ten inches by the feet, about five feet by the head.



Longwood Old House, St. Helena, Where Napoleon died. The house is a large, white, two-story building with a red roof and a central chimney.

Bakst Costumes AT THE Metropolitan Opera



An Odd and Striking Ballet Costume

The Masterpieces of This Color Master to Be Seen When the Great Ballet Russe Arrives

Nijinski as The Spectre of the Rose



Costumes of the Typical Russian Type

Of the Greek Order

Thamar Karsavina in a bewitching Dance Costume



Conventional Bakst Conception

A Typical Bakst Creation



Unique but not Gaudy



Photos Copyright by the Berlin Photograph Co.

L EON BAKST, Russia's master colorist, will come to America in a few weeks, a fact which, no doubt, will be hailed with delight by all who have admired the bold sweep of his brush, the glow of his color and the range and richness of his pictorial imagination in the pictures so far seen in America.

When he arrives it will not be with a few examples of his handiwork, but with an entire ballet aggregation. Serge de Diaghileff, a Russian Ballet, for which he has designed the scenic backgrounds against which the dancers move, and also the wealth of costumes used. The latter especially are an essential part of the beauty and force of fusion for which this ballet is celebrated.

Who is this Bakst, who "makes his entire art with his own hands, who has drawn and colored, and whose every detail of pigment on canvas or costume has a deep and personal significance?"

The title of Baron Panov, claims Bakst as his own, and calls him "our incomparable." But so does Petrouchev, and the whole of Russia. Diaghileff, the man who founded the ballet, whose name he has, might be said to have discovered Bakst. But, in fact, he has treated him rather harshly, because he had new ideas. The Russian poet, says Bakst, made it hard for him to show his genius. But it was not until the Russian Revolution, says de Diaghileff, a wealthy Russian amateur, child of a noble house, associated in the Moscow University, beset with the poverty of a commoner at school and read of the press, decided that he would show the beauty of the Russian Revolution. At an exhibit he arranged in Paris, he showed the work of the young Russian artist, Bakst, and all Paris started talking about the originality of the Russian

novator. But it was not until the opening of the Theatre du Chatelet in June, 1909, that he created for himself his present name through making the settings and costumes for the ballet "Coppelia."

The charming Karsavina, the imitable Nijinsky, the dancing master, Bolm, all of whom will come to America this year with the ballet at the Metropolitan Opera House, appeared in that production. The composer, the maître de ballet, the stage director, the designers and the mime were all of them Russians. An artistic entity, such as had never been seen before, was produced. The fame of the ballets of Diaghileff was assured, but so was Bakst's. He was acclaimed the greatest stage decorator and costumer in the world, over night.

In Paris and London, in Vienna and Monte Carlo, where this ballet and the others that Diaghileff undertook were repeated, Bakst's work and that of the dancers became a consistent and continual triumph. And so it was with his every creation. He extracted the poetry hidden in every epoch and brought those periods before us in the form of beautiful color combinations.

As one critic put it, "Emerald, indigo and geranium, the leopard spots and the scales of the serpent, black, rose, vermilion and triumphant orange, were all shrieking to be heard, and shrieking in harmony. It was an orgy of color to the last possible extent."

The sombre magnificence of Bakst's setting and costumes for "Scheherazade," the massed color and fantastic detail of his India in "Les Femmes d'Alger," the virginal and vaporous beauty of his hillside for the faun, the endless opulence of his color that Rodeo "Narcisse," and the enormous tower in which Thamar sits for his prey are his. Bakst does not end with the theatre. His color combinations are more than mere drawings or fashion

plates. They are intensely alive, strikingly persuasive, and their value increases as they are becoming of historical importance. Even now they bring on the price as any set in.

A fashion designer's original cost to the producer of the ballet, he has sold for the art lovers, and sold for the hundred to six hundred dollars. This is a small sum by eighteenth century standards, but in fact that Bakst is one of the living artists whose drawings have been widely counterfeited and a temple made to sell them. A clever forger sold a number to an English newspaper, which published them under the title of the "Bakst." One collector in London was induced to purchase more than a dozen of "Bakst's" works, colors at a tremendous price only to find that he, too, had been the victim of the gang of forgers who try to live on the great Russian artist's name.

What Bakst's effect will be upon America none can yet tell. A revolution of color probably will set in. Already women's fashions in dress have been modeled after his work. Bakst's name can properly be classed with those of the great innovators of modern times.

**Household Servants, Extrava-
uets and Ostentatious Display**

modest home of the producing laborer—with his few pictures, parlor rug, enameled beds and meagre comforts—would be free, on the one hand, the crasse vulgarities of the rich man would yield an annual income to the Government.

On the *filouze* rug from Persia in his library, the silk soft carvings and hangings brought his house; on the golden

Copyright, 1913, by the Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved

[illegible]

THE NEW CUFF-MUFF



Cuffs Closed to Make the Muff.



One of the New Big Collars With Fur Hat. ("Lucile" Model)

The "Cuff-Muff" Open. The Dress Is of Checked Velvet in Deep Mulberry Shade. ("Lucile" Model)

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishment is at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York.

By Lady Duff-Gordon ("LUCILE")

VERY recently is the mother of invention and here we have another product of the ingenuity of one of the most celebrated fashion artists in the world. This new invention is called the "cuff-muff," which you will note is not only a useful but an ornamental accessory to feminine attire. It is in reality an elongated sleeve fastened from the inside bend of the elbow with loops and buttons, and edged with a broad band of fur, which when

shopping leave her muff on the counter and walk away entirely oblivious of the fact until she had gotten outside, and then the cold air acts as a reminder. She rushes back to find (very often to her dismay) that she does not even remember where she left it, or if she does remember, when she sees there it is there no longer. But all these things are self-evident, and the "cuff-muff" is bound to have a large following.

The costume illustrated on the left hand side of this page is of checked velvet in a deep mulberry shade. The sleeve has about a dozen loops and buttons of the same material, which when opened not only serves its purpose, but also makes a very pretty finish. The fur is of skunk about eight inches wide, joined in a band like a miniature muff, and is lined with the same satin as the rest of the garment. Note how gracefully the sleeve wrinkles between the elbow and cuff when the bands are joined, adding considerably to the general effect.

How often have I observed a woman

Play Billiards at Home

\$100 DOWN FREE TRIAL

Burrowes Billiard and Pool Table

Receive young men should know how to play Billiards and Pool, the most interesting, attractive and healthful of all indoor games. Why not purchase a Burrowes Combination Billiard and Pool Table, and become an expert at home? Burrowes Tables are used for home practice by some of the foremost professionals. The world's greatest players, playing for half of the table, can be equipped with the Burrowes Billiard and Pool Table. Burrowes Tables are the most perfect in design, construction and play. They are the only tables that will stand up to the most severe use. They are the only tables that will stand up to the most severe use. They are the only tables that will stand up to the most severe use.

\$100 DOWN on receipt of first installment we will ship table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and we will refund your deposit. No return, just a free trial. Write for today for Illustrated Catalog, describing Tables, free trial offer, terms of payment, etc.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO., 602 Cedar Street, Portland, Maine.

FREE

This LAUGHING DOLL and This CRYING DOLL

They are Awfully Nasty Babies. You can hear them all over the house, and they will cry and cry for the longest while. Put them on the back where they cry, and you cannot tell the difference from the cry of a Real Live Baby to save your life. You surely need a Crying Baby along with your family of dolls, as there is always at least one crying baby in a family. She wears a baby bonnet and a long white baby dress.

The Laughing Doll makes an excellent mother for the Crying Doll. She is dressed in a red, pink or blue coat with buttons to match. The Laughing Doll can stand up on her feet without any one to hold her, and this is quite a remarkable thing for a baby doll to do.

You may have your choice of either doll baby for nothing only six of our genuine "Character" Jewelry Novelties at 10c each, or more.

We Trust You

and take back what you cannot sell. Write plainly your name and address—that's all you have to do.

JONES MANUFACTURING CO., 21-23-25 County St., Attleboro, Mass. (Jewelry Centre of America)



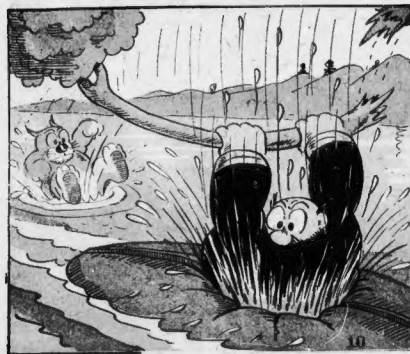
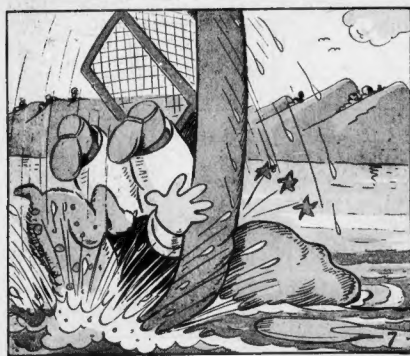
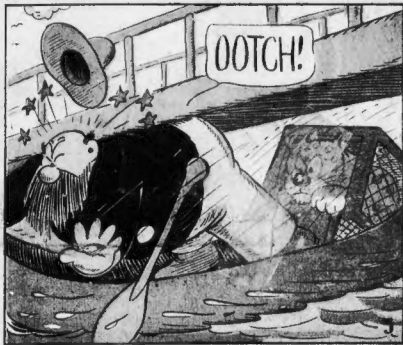
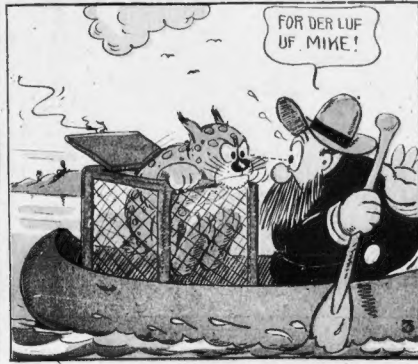
COMIC SECTION OF THE BOSTON AMERICAN

October 31, 1915

Copyright, 1915, by Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

The Original Katzenjammer Kids

Copyrighted U. S. Patent Office.

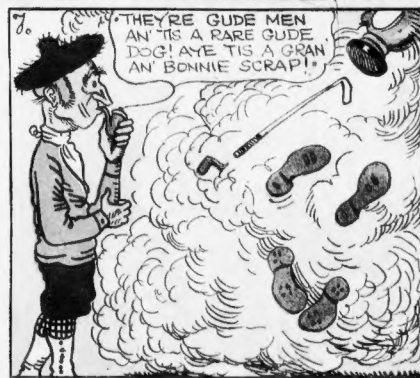




JIMMY

It Was a Grand Day on the Links—
But Not for Golf

Copyright, 1916, by Alar Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.



SWINNERSON-15



HAPPY HOOLIGAN

He Intended to Be Gone a Few Years,
But He Wasn't.

Copyright, 1931, by Hear Company. All Rights Reserved.



